

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

OCTOBER 2, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 40



SAIL·DON'T DRIFT..
CHOOSE THE PORT THAT
YOU WISH TO MAKE·THEN
SET YOUR COURSE AND
HOLD IT..THERE MAY BE
CONTRARY WINDS AND
STORMS THAT WILL SET
YOUR SAILS ABACK AND
DRIVE YOU FAR TO LEEWARD·BUT WILL IS
A COMPASS AND DETERMINATION IS A
HELM THAT WILL SET YOU RIGHT AGAIN
AND BRING YOU AT LAST TO THE PORT OF
YOUR AMBITION

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OCTOBER 9

OLD SCORES

By William Byron Mowery
The story of a remarkable dog

THE SOLE SURVIVOR

By A. Hyatt Verrill

One of the series *Chronicles of Adventure*

AN ADVENTURE FOR MOTHER

By Margaret R. Seebach

A humorous story of jury service

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NERVE

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A tale of skis, dogs and courage

JONESY'S DOLL

By Edwin Cole

A delightful story of the little trumpeter

THE DEPARTMENTS

Many valuable and interesting articles will be
found on the Family Page, the Boys' Page
and the Girls' Page

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Boston, Mass.

PAIN IN THE HEART

An important thing to remember is that by no means every feeling of discomfort or pain in the left side of the chest is related to the heart. The stomach is often the real seat of the sensation; or the diaphragm, which is a muscle, may suffer as other muscles suffer from so-called rheumatic pains. So may also the muscles of the chest. Intercostal neuralgia, which affects the nerves that lead to the muscles between the ribs, may also closely imitate pain in the heart. It is often a matter of considerable difficulty even for the physician to decide just what is the actual seat of the pain.

The most serious and distressing form of actual pain in the heart is angina pectoris. This occurs in paroxysms, often of the most severe character; the pain is sometimes unendurable and does actually kill by its intensity, but in mild cases there may be no actual pain but only an intensely disagreeable feeling that cannot be precisely described in words. The attacks last from a few minutes to half an hour and may cease very suddenly, but usually a lame or sore feeling persists for a time. The pain is not only felt over the heart but runs up into the left shoulder and sometimes down the arm. The cause of angina pectoris is usually a blocking of the arteries that feed the heart walls or some disease of the aorta.

Milder attacks of pain may be owing to pressure from a stomach distended with gas, to poisoning by tobacco or to autointoxication. A dull ache in the heart or even an occasional sharp twinge may be purely nervous, the result of fright, worry, anxiety, grief, anger or any other psychic disturbance. The heart itself may be perfectly sound, but the intensity of the emotion may be so great as to stop its action momentarily. That is what occurs when one dies of a "broken heart."

Another cause of pain is overexertion, which by tiring the heart can make it ache just like any other overexercised muscle. That ache can often be benefited by a small cup of hot black coffee or by a hot application to the chest over the region of the heart, though in some cases an ice bag or a cloth wrung out of very cold water gives quicker relief.

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WHEN SMITH'S MIND WORKED

SMITH was a freshman, older than most of his class. He was tall, lanky and slow. His mind, like his body, worked slowly, and the nervous professor in mathematics, after a long and careful explanation, was wont to say:

"Well, Smith, if you will go over that explanation carefully and meditate on it, I think you will understand. Meditate, Smith, meditate."

So Smith became "Meditate" Smith to his fellow students.

One evening a party of students gathered in the room of one of their number, and Smith was one of them. The meeting was for fun and perhaps mischief, and such a meeting was an infringement of rules.

When the jollity was at its height a warning came that the professor was coming to investigate. The room was cleared at once. Smith as usual was the last, and, hearing steps approaching, he crawled under the bed, seeing no other way of escape. Here he sat doubled up like a jackknife awaiting the event with no little apprehension.

The professor entered, looked about him, saw that the room was empty, then turned to depart. As he closed the door, a thought seemed to strike him; he reentered the room and looked under the bed.

"Hey, Smith, what are you doing there?" he cried.

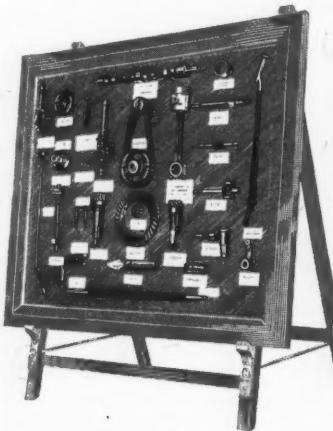
Smith turned his head with difficulty.

"Meditating, professor."

The professor withdrew.

Hupmobile

The big advantages of the front end chain drive in the Hupmobile motor are that it is quiet, there is only one chain, only one adjustment, and no sprockets in mesh. The chain is chrome nickel steel, running on three large sprockets; well lubricated and thoroughly protected from grit and dust. Hupmobile is a pioneer in the use of front end chain rather than gear drive, having employed this method since 1911. Chain drive is now the prevailing practice among cars of the highest price.



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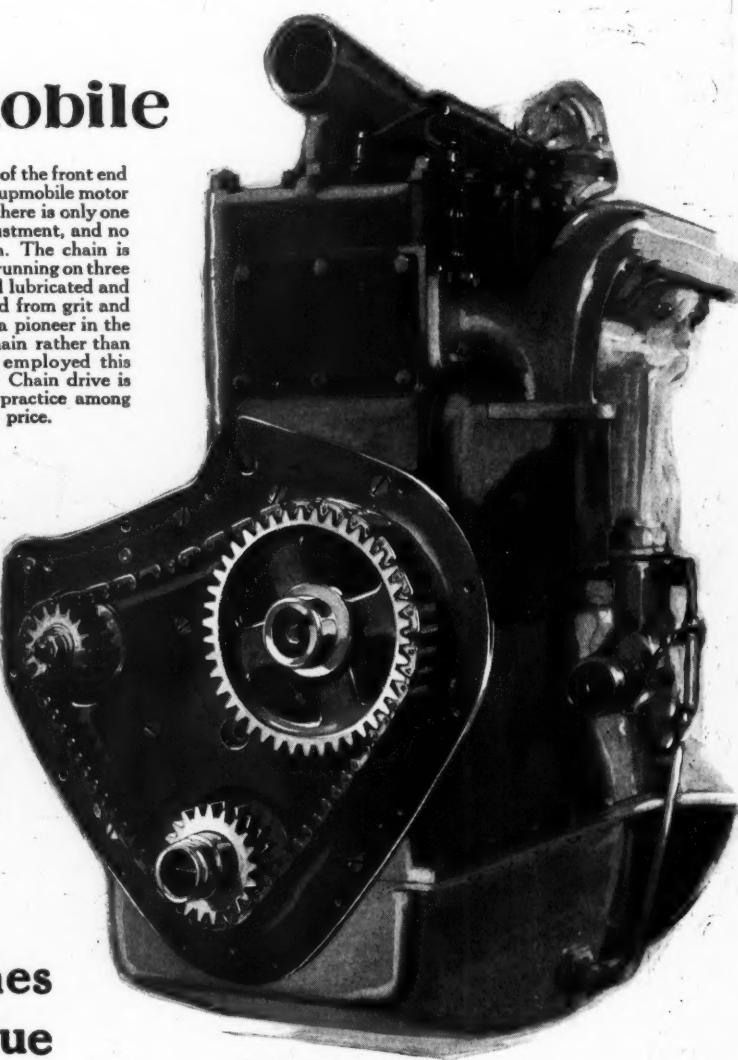
Even a demonstration ride is not conclusive; it proves nothing but immediate performance—leaving the buyer to learn from experience the real facts about the car's durability.

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Definitely Superior

Over and over again people have said that these Hupmobile parts displays established Hupmobile superiority so definitely that there was no other car left for them to buy.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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The MYSTERIOUS TUTOR

By Gladys Blake

Chapter One The prince who never returned

DORIS and Clarissa and Almeter were sitting Turk fashion on the floor in the firelight with their laps full of hickory nuts, which they were cracking and eating as they talked.

The ruddy glow fell softly and benignly on Doris's fair head and gleamed in Clarissa's hazel eyes, but it seemed to acquire a greedy glare as it rested on Almeter. The little flames seemed to lick forward longingly and audibly to smack. For Almeter looked for all the world like a nice big lump of good black coal that was beyond their power to reach.

"Yes, dere is ghost-es," Almeter was saying as she dexterously cracked a hickory nut between her teeth. "I wouldn't be tellin' you dere was if I didn't know fer sho. I's seed 'em. I seed one last week when I was goin' by der graveyard 'bout seben o'clock at night."

"What did it look like?" asked Doris with interest.

"It looked like a hog—a great big ol' black hog! And it went ugh, ugh!"

"Clever of you to see through the disguise, Almeter," said Clarissa. "If I had come across anything that looked like a hog and went like a hog, I should have ignorantly supposed it was a hog."

"Now, it warn't no hog," Almeter indignantly. "It warn't no real hog. It was a hant. I know 'em when I sees 'em."

"Well, anyhow," said Doris firmly, returning to the discussion of the incident that had caused the talk of ghosts, "I don't believe for a minute that those lanterns we saw bobbing about in the orchard last night were ghost lights, nor that those holes we found dug all over the place this morning were meant for graves. I don't care what you say, I don't believe that. But it was certainly queer."

"I never was more frightened in my life," said Clarissa with a little shiver, "than when Aunt Alice woke us up in the creepy dark and told us to look out the window at all those lanterns moving around in the orchard. I thought it was somebody coming to burn down the house or something. And then when we went out this morning and found all those holes in the ground I didn't know whether to be relieved or not. It seems like the act of crazy men! Why should a band of

men come here at midnight just to dig holes in the orchard and lawns?"

"Dey wasn't men, dey

was hants," insisted Almeter. "And dem was graves dey dug. New graves for theirselves or graves for you and me, I ain't sayin' which! But if dey comes any more, me and mammy is gwine away from here. And so's all derudder cullud folks!"

"If they come any more we'll have the sheriff here to catch them," declared Doris. "If all the colored men on the place weren't rank cowards, we could have caught them last night."

"You can't catch ghost-es," said Almeter. "Cullud folks ain't scared of humans, but dey's scared of hants. Hug! If it was just men out in der orchard last night, why didn't Mr. Dick and Mr. Basil go out dar and catch 'em? Tell me dat?"

"They were both wild to go," replied Clarissa; "but they are just boys and wouldn't have been a match for a hand of rough men. Aunt Alice wouldn't hear of their doing it. And none of the overseers were near enough to reach."

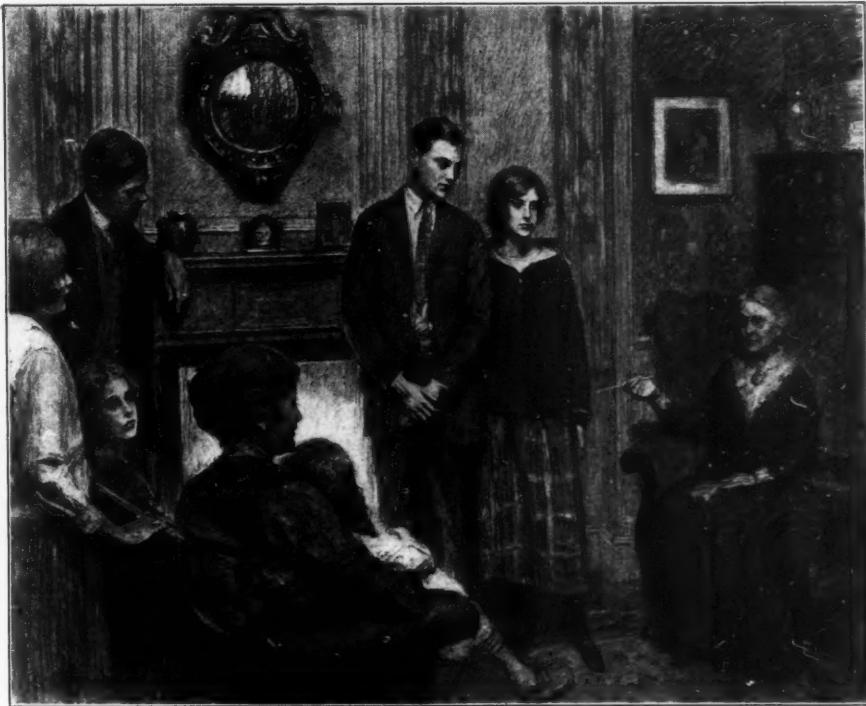
"When father comes home he'll do something about it," declared Doris. "He'll soon find out who dug all those holes and why. He's not afraid of ghosts or human beings either."

"I she will be glad when yo' pa comes home," said Almeter, sighing fervently. "What's keepin' him up No'th so long?"

"He has such lots of things to buy," explained Doris. "And then he's looking for a tutor for us. We've just got to have a first-class teacher this year to make up for the second-rate ones we've had in the past. We've been taught so awfully all our lives that there isn't a boarding school in the country that will take any of us in on anything like equal terms with the other boys and girls of our age. Our education has been most dreadfully muddled. Father was awfully afraid when he left that he wasn't going to be able to find anybody capable of taking us in hand—anybody, I mean, who would be willing to bury himself here in the country at a small salary. That's what is keeping him in New York so long."

"I hope he'll find a tutor who can teach French," said Clarissa. "My French pronunciation is just awful. I think I'll have to be carefully untaught all the French old Mr. Britting taught me and then be taught all over again. Don't you think my French is pretty bad, Doris?"

"C'est à en mourir,"—it is enough to kill one,—agreed Doris promptly and sweetly.



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

"On the contrary, Dick, there is!" she calmly announced

"Bien vous sied de vous taire!"—it well becomes you to be silent,—was Clarissa's retort.

"Law-dee! I never could see what you chilien wants ter learn ter talk dat-away fur!" observed Almeter.

"Over in Europe there is a whole nation of people who talk that way all the time," Doris said to her solemnly.

"I's glad I don't live in no sich place," declared Almeter.

It was five o'clock of a gray autumn day, and the three girls were much enjoying the idle, social hour in the firelight before the gas was lit. They were all good friends, but Doris and Clarissa, who were fifteen years old, felt themselves vastly superior intellectually to Almeter, who was their senior by two years.

The social hour by the fire ended abruptly. "Al-me-ter!" came the cook's voice through the back hall. "You come set dis table for supper! You hear me?"

"Yes'm. Yes'm, mammy, I's comin'" replied Almeter promptly. Nor did she tarry a moment longer. Fat black Emma in the kitchen had a heavy maternal hand.

Left to themselves, Doris and Clarissa finished the hickory nuts and swept up the hearth. Then they went to stand by a window and look out into the fast-gathering dark. The girls were cousins, both Cuthberts, and their family had lived in the old plantation house for generations. The present head of the house and owner of the land was Doris's father, but he was also like a father to his orphaned niece Clarissa and her brother Basil. As he had four children of his own, the big house was pretty well filled with boys and girls.

There was the sound of a slammed door followed by noisy footsteps and high voices, and two boys in their teens came into the sitting room from a long tramp outdoors and stood warming their hands before the open fire. They were Dick and Basil Cuthbert. And presently twelve-year-old Daisy Cuthbert entered rubbing her eyes, for she had been asleep all afternoon, and then Mrs. Cuthbert came in leading little Lucy. A moment more and Miss Martha Cuthbert, the children's great-aunt, rustled in in one of the stiff black silk dresses that she always wore in the evenings and sat down in her

favorite chimney corner with her knitting. The gas was lit, and Dick threw another stick of wood on the fire.

"Basil and I have been tramping all over the place this afternoon," the boy announced, dusting his fingers. "And you'd all be amazed at what we found! Those holes in the orchard are not a circumstance to the digging that has been done all over the plantation. Most of the holes have been

hastily filled in, but a large number are still left gaping. The work has evidently been going on night after night for some time,—perhaps even before father left,—but no one on the place had noticed anything until last night. Oh, mother, how I wish you had let Basil and me go down there in the orchard and find out who those men were and what they were up to!"

"From the number of lanterns we could see from the house there must have been a whole gang of men at work," Mrs. Cuthbert reminded him, "and I wouldn't have let you boys risk your lives among them on any account. Midnight marauders are sure to be armed."

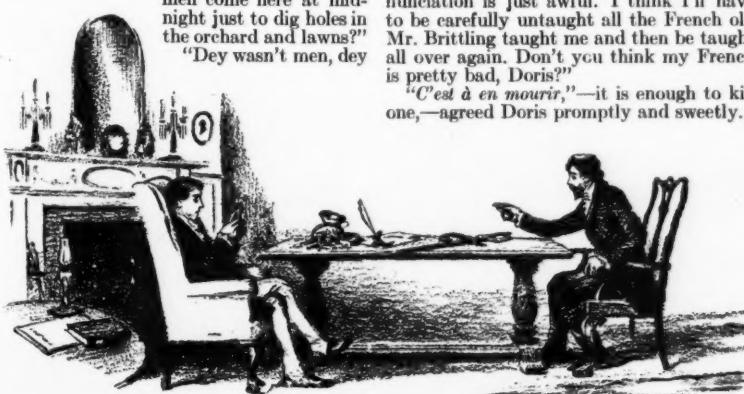
"Almeter is perfectly certain that those lanterns were ghost lights," put in Doris, "and that the holes were meant for graves."

"Almeter doesn't in the least know what she's talking about," remarked Dick casually. "I'd think somebody was looking for treasure on this estate," he added, "if the idea wasn't so preposterous. For of course there isn't any buried treasure anywhere around here!"

Old Miss Martha looked up from her knitting and peered at her grandnephew over the top of her spectacles. "On the contrary, Dick, there is!" she calmly announced. "And I've no doubt that that is just what those men were looking for last night!"

"A buried treasure on this estate? Oh, Aunt Martha!" cried several excited young voices all at once.

"I'm surprised that you haven't heard of it before," said their aunt. "But I suppose that the tale is so old that the family has tired of telling it. I'm sure your fathers heard it often when they were little boys, and in the long-ago days when I was a child the family was still searching for the treasure."



"What sort of a treasure is it, Aunt Martha?" asked Basil.

"Who buried it?" asked Dick.

"Tell us all about it, Aunt Martha," pleaded the girls.

The old lady was much pleased at being the centre of everyone's attention. Even Mrs. Cuthbert was ignorant of any treasure buried on the plantation and was interested in hearing about it.

"Well, it was a long time ago," began Miss Martha, going on with her knitting, "more than a hundred years! My grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, children, was a young man at the time, and this house stood in what was almost a wilderness. One night there was a heavy knock on the door, and grandfather opened it to a lone traveler who asked for food and shelter for himself and his horse. He was a foreigner and a man of culture, as was easy to be seen, and grandfather was quick and cordial in inviting him in. In those days hospitality was part of a Southern planter's religion, and there is nothing unusual in the fact that this chance guest stayed for several months in the house where he had only asked for a night's lodging. He and his host became very intimate, and he told grandfather an amazing story about himself. According to this story he was of royal blood,—Prince Boris Dolgoruki of Russia,—but owing to a duel that had ended fatally he was an exile from his country. Whether all that was true or whether the man was a mere adventurer has been much debated in our family ever since, but grandfather believed his guest absolutely. And to make a long narrative short he allowed the man to borrow five thousand dollars from him before he left."

"Wow!" interrupted Dick. "What a sweet, innocent baby our great-great-grandfather must have been!"

"Not so innocent as you suppose," replied Miss Martha, bridling slightly. "The man gave security for the loan. He left a number of personal articles here that he was to redeem only by returning the money with interest. He left a jeweled sword, several family miniatures in gold cases, jeweled orders of nobility, gold seals, signet rings and I don't know what all! Enough you may be sure to satisfy grandfather that he would pay back the loan as soon as he could. But he was never heard of again. Neither he nor any of his descendants have ever returned to claim the valuables, and perhaps that is just as well, since the things are hopelessly lost. Grandfather concealed them carefully somewhere, but his family never knew where. He died suddenly, and the only clue to the whereabouts of the objects was a note jotted down among his papers that they were hidden 'at the foot of the olive tree near the well.' That he should have buried the valuables seemed preposterous, and yet from that note no other inference seemed possible. There was no olive tree on the plantation, and so far as anyone knew there never had been, but there were numerous wells, and around them deep and wide excavations were made without uncovering anything. The search went on at intervals for years and years. When I was a little girl my father could hardly think of anything but recovering those lost valuables. However, my brother was less interested in the matter when he became the head of the house, and I am sure my nephew Hilary hasn't given it a thought since he grew up. That is why none of you children have ever heard of it. But it is well to know the traditions of your family."

"Has the matter ever been made public?" asked Basil.

"Oh, yes, several times. There were newspaper and magazine articles on the subject even before the Civil War, and there have been a few since. Little incidents like that always make interesting reading."

"Somebody has run across one of those old newspaper stories and is searching for the lost treasure," said Mrs. Cuthbert. "That explains those lights last night and all the digging that has been done on the place. But it has got to be stopped."

"Maybe it's a descendant of the prince who is looking for his family relics!" exclaimed Doris excitedly.

"But why should he go about it in that underhand fashion?" demanded Dick, laughing. "He'd only have to tell us who he is, and we'd give him permission to search in broad daylight. I'm sure father would even help him!"

"How about that five-thousand-dollar loan and the hundred years' interest?" asked Basil significantly. "That's quite a hefty sum to have to pay back in order to get the things legally. A descendant of the

prince hasn't any right to those valuables until he has paid back that money. If they are found, they belong to Uncle Hilary."

"Jeweled swords and orders, gold seals and miniatures in gold cases, rings and the like would appeal to anyone," said Mrs. Cuthbert, smiling. "And if the whole story has been made public in newspapers and magazines, there is nothing surprising in the

fact that a band of unscrupulous men have taken it into their heads to look for them. They don't have to be descendants of the prince to desire those valuables. Buried treasure always appeals to men who dislike to work."

"But my idea is much more romantic, mother," protested Doris.

Her mother laughed and pinched her

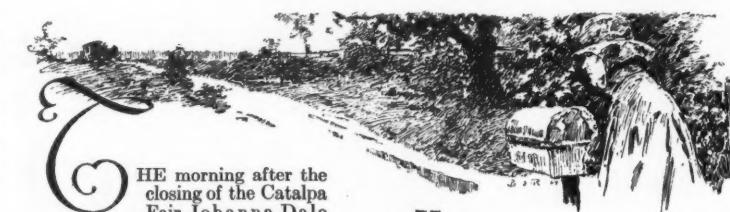
daughter's cheek. "Princes don't come back except in fairy tales," she said teasingly.

They were still laughingly discussing the matter when the telephone rang. Over the wire the telegraph office read the following message to Mrs. Cuthbert from her husband:

"Business satisfactorily concluded. Have found an excellent tutor for the children. Expect us Wednesday morning."

TO BE CONTINUED.

IDLE AUTUMN By Gertrude West



CHE morning after the closing of the Catalpa Fair Johanna Dale rose to a flat feeling of emptiness about her trim house. As was her custom she watched the sun rise from her open window—a smoky sunrise with the dulled, glowing sun like a brand that had kindled the blazing timber. Afterwards she prepared her hearty morning meal.

Elsa had loved griddle cakes and syrup and ate them without fear for her trim young slenderness. Johanna prepared them a bit wistfully as well as daintily Alice's brown toast, but the meal brought no responsive "Oh's!" of pleasure, for the girls were gone.

Setting the house to rights seemed that morning to take less time than usual, and at nine o'clock Johanna found herself pottering restlessly about in her dismantled garden, ashamed of her loneliness. "Mercy, but young voices can wake up echoes," she said to herself with an impatiently caught-back sigh. "I know what I'll do. I'll go down and chat with Mitchell Landis a little. That'll cheer me up."

Where the long roads curl and neighbors are not too near there is one person who can, if he will, sow a lot of good cheer in his wake, and that is the country mail carrier. Young Mitchell Landis had carried the mail on Catalpa Route 2 for three years, ever since he had finished his college law course and had set out to earn a living while he was waiting to win his first clients by his own wit and will. Mothers to whom he had brought letters from distant sons had opened their lips to his sympathetic ear and their hearts to his boyish good will. Girls, fluttering over their first love letters, saw no brighter halo about the missives themselves than about the handsome young messenger who brought them. Old men, laid on the shelf, always found something to look forward to in the joyful greeting of the bearer of the daily mail. One of the prettiest events of the Catalpa Fair had been the presentation of a silver loving cup inscribed:

"From the citizens of Catalpa Route 2 to Mitchell Landis, the rural mail carrier, who in three years of faithful service has never lost a day." But now the money to rent and furnish Mitchell's office was in the bank, and Route 2 faced the calamity of losing his cheery smile.

As Johanna stood by her mail box waiting she saw the two little brisk, lean ponies and the jogging old mail hack that had never given place to a motor car come ballooning airily over the ridge and heard them clatter pleasantly down the road. But as Johanna prepared to hail the young mail carrier she caught sight of a worn gray knickerbocker suit where Mitchell Landis's corduroys should have been, and glimpsed between a jauntily knotted bandana scarf and a soft gray felt hat the face of a girl.

"Well, now," exclaimed Johanna in smiling wonder as the door of the old hack slid back and the girl proffered a friendly greeting. "Well, now, have you held up the mail and left the driver bound and gagged back on the route somewhere?"

The girl laughed. She was tall and lithe and shining-eyed with

II. MITCHELL'S-ROUTE

self-reliance and the thrill of her man-size job. "No," she replied, eager to talk, "but Mitchell had to be away for two days. He didn't know until last night, so he telephoned me in a hurry. It's the first time I've had a chance to substitute since I passed my examination, and"—there leaped in her brown eyes a lovely prideful brilliance—"I can't tell you how proud I am that Mitchell felt he could trust me with his route!"

"I see," said Johanna warmly. It was her password to all human hearts, her way of saying that she could understand. "You're his sister?" she asked, remembering even as she spoke that Mitchell Landis had no sister.

The girl's clear cheeks caught the bright, wood-leaf color of the maples above her head. "No,"—she laughed,—"no relation—not until Mitchell captures a few clients. Then—the closest kind of kin."

"Now I do see!" cried Johanna heartily. "No wonder you're so anxious to share his work."

The girl's eyes softened luminously. "I'm talking to you as though I'd known you always," she half apologized, "but I am happy! Do you know it's the very last proof of Mitchell's faith in me to trust me with his letter bags. Honestly,"—and the changing face sparkled again,—"I think he feels he'd lose 'his life, his fortune and his sacred honor' if the mail didn't go out."

"Very likely," agreed Johanna briskly. "Most good men feel that way about the work intrusted to them. I wish you luck, child. This sharing of work as well as of play I think is the brightest, most comradey sort of life a young couple can live."

The current swept above the hubs, and the sturdy ponies reeled



at Fiddlebow Bridge, looked out steadily upon the woman by the roadside.

"How was Fiddlebow?" inquired Johanna briskly.

The girl drew a sharp breath and laughed a shaky note. "It was just a little worse than anything I ever tried to—navigate," she replied.

"Navigate?" repeated Johanna.

"Virtually that," responded the girl, still bravely smiling. "It ran two feet over the bridge."

"That means then," reasoned Johanna, "that Fiddleneck is all but impassable. If you'll take the word of an old woman who knows the streams, you'll turn back, child." She couldn't help hoping all the while that the girl would not take to her wise suggestion too readily.

The girl's chin tilted. "Not me," she declared sturdily; "I'm going through. Why," —and the reason for that staunch resolve flooded her warm young face with the words,—"why, it's Mitchell's route!"

"So it is," said Johanna, and her heart leaped in response to the girl's fine spirit, though her elder caution prompted another word. "So it is, Iris, but do you think that even for his precious route Mitchell Landis would want you to take the risk?"

The girl looked at her squarely. "He'd go through himself, wouldn't he," she demanded, "if it were anyway possible?"

" Himself, yes," agreed Johanna quickly, "but—"

"Then," said the girl swiftly, "I shall. If I were going to be just a 'fraid-cat and run, because I'm a girl, I shouldn't have taken this place. That is something that must not—must never stand in the way, Mrs. Dale. I want him to know he can depend on me."

"Of course," agreed Johanna promptly.

She gathered together the skirts of her dripping slicker and put one stoutly-shod foot on the step of the old mail hack.

"Of course," she repeated, adding as a matter of fact, "and I'm going with you. I've waded and swum and forded Fiddleneck for fifty years. Water don't scare me."

The first mile after Johanna had slipped in beside the girl in the old mail hack was a slushy, mud-yellow trail, ugly and slimy, but safe enough. The color came back to the girl's brave face at the older woman's casual chatter, but Johanna did not deceive herself. She well knew what was ahead of them.

At the crossroads Grandad Poesy was waiting beside his letter box: "Ye'll never cross Fiddleneck," he prophesied as he took his morning paper. "She don't will fer to be crossed this mornin'. I've lived neighbor to that creek forty year, and I know when she do and when she don't. She's turned back half a dozen already this mornin'. Hark!" and he lifted his hand to call attention to a smothered booming sound that echoed above the drizzle of the rain. "That's Fiddleneck," he said, "and she claims a victim every year. Don't ye cross, young maid, don't ye cross!"

"But I must—" began the girl stoutly, though her cheeks had whitened again at the old man's dire prophecy.

Johanna cut the interview short with her own capable conclusion. "I know Fiddleneck too, grandad," she assured the old fellow cheerily, "but I guess we'll drive on up to the bank anyhow and have a look. That won't do any harm."

There was a little crowd on the bank—the two women could see it before they reached the riotous waterway—a bank some half mile removed from the bank of the day before. Anxious women came to the doors as the old hack splashed past, calling warnings or silent with a watchful anxiety for their own valley crops and snug valley homes as well as for the brave young substitute and her valiant companion.

Iris stooped once—the only sign she had given that her determination to cross Fiddleneck was as steadfast as ever—and, lifting the plump mail sack, placed it on a little shelf that ran across the front of the vehicle to serve the traveling postman as a desk. Johanna smiled grimly. To reach that shelf the water would have to rise past hub, buggy bed and seat and wash above the waist of the driver. Iris was taking no chances with Uncle Sam's mail!

As the jogging, game little ponies splashed into the first yellow backwater of the current a man on horseback came riding from the little group of gesturing and warning onlookers. "Howdy, Mis Jonny, Mornin', miss." It was the constable of Catalpa township, a big positive figure in his saddle. "If you're fiddlin' on trying to make Fiddleneck, I wouldn't do it. Fiddle Bridge is two feet under water and has lost some planking,

so there's nothing for it but the ford. Of course the big raise hasn't come yet. It's not so deep maybe, but swift! Man!"

The girl caught her breath. "But I must," she began again, with her slim, brown hands clutching the lines.

Again Johanna came to the rescue even while she threw a swift, dubious glance at the frothing water. "I guess we'll try it anyhow," she said to the man with a trifle more calm assurance than she felt. "We may get a ducking, but we both kind of hate to quit."

As she spoke she sat forward briskly and laid strong fingers over the girl's slim ones. "You let me take these lines," she said with gentle authority. "I know the ford. It jags a bit, and there's a hole to the left. You watch that mail sack, honey, and keep it dry. We'll make it yet."

To the land lover there is something sinister, all powerful, dreadful about deep water. Johanna Dale had lived her life on a hilltop; so she knew well enough the mettle of the valiant-hearted girl when she leaned over and lifted the heavy mail bag like a sacred trust high against her breast.

The current swept above the hubs, and the sturdy ponies reeled with the lurching wagon. "Steady, boys!" rang Johanna's calm voice. She knew them by name. Often while chatting with Mitchell Landis she had stroked their friendly yellow noses or pulled a lush mouthful of blue grass from the roadside for each. Now she called to them as from one friend to another. "Lay over, Hemp, don't crowd. Tawny's on the edge of a slip. Stop snorting. That's nothing but water; a wetting won't hurt your yellow hides. Whoa, Tawny! Whoa-ho, don't struggle! If you're over your depth, why, swim!"

And the ponies were swimming, with the mail hack careening behind them, threatening

ing every moment to lurch sideways into the swirling stream! It was only a second or two till hoofs touched gravel again, but it seemed like minutes.

"Oh-o!" breathed Iris as with a crunch and a grind the ponies fell into stride once more and the yellow water dropped again to the hubs.

She looked back at the swift current with an involuntary little shiver and lowered the mail sack to her lap as the team began the long safe ascent of Locust Hill. In the sharp, tremulous breath of relief that came then Johanna read all the girl's curbed terror of the past hour and her immeasurable gladness that the reputation of Mitchell's route was saved, that the mail would go through.

At the little Locust Hill country store with its double row of mail boxes the little autumn-dwindled colony of summer tourists were waiting for their mail. To those strangers who did not know the local history of Fiddleneck it was not strange that the Route 2 mail hack was on time that morning. To those city-bred folk the mail was something that came every day, regardless. That flood water had menaced and that high courage had saved that brown leather bag in the slim substitute's hands meant nothing to them; they took their letters casually, all unaware of what their delivery had cost.

One man, a Mr. Holbrook, the wealthiest and most influential of all the colony, skinned rather hastily through a business-like sheet and came with it in his hand to the side of the mail hack just as Iris had taken up her lines to drive away. He lifted his hat to the two women. "Could you tell me," he asked politely, "when Mr. Landis will be back upon the route?"

Iris nodded. "Tomorrow," she answered. "I'm only substituting for two days."

"I am anxious to see him," explained the man. He must have read something of the bright, shining interest in the girl's eyes, for he went on unnecessarily: "I have a letter here from an old friend—one of Landis's college professors—recommending him so highly that I've suddenly decided to obtain his services in handling a lawsuit of mine if I can get them. This tells me that he is setting up his office in Catalpa soon. I had intended to engage another lawyer this morning, but since this letter came—"

The sentence hung there as the speaker stepped back courteously to let the mail hack pass on. Johanna did not look at her companion, but kept her discreet eyes on the road for a bit, guessing the swift reaction that must come after the hard deed accomplished and the good news that Mr. Holbrook had so casually let fall. She feared that, looking into the girl's glowing face just then, she might see deeper into the other's heart of hearts than she had any right to see; so it was all surprise when a warm young arm came suddenly round her neck, and a soft cheek snuggled against her own.

"Dear, dear lady," said the young voice, broken to a soft, throaty sound. "Did you hear what that man said? That letter which came this morning is going to give Mitchell his chance—our chance! Can you ever know what you did for us two when you came with me today?"

Johanna smiled. "I'd nothing else to do," she said in a matter-of-fact voice as the ponies jogged into the firm straight road of the high land. "It's an idle time right now. It's—why, it's been two days since the end of the Catalpa Fair. I thought they'd seem long, but they've gone like so many minutes. I'll declare, seems like Idle Autumn is passing off quickly this year."

THE AMATEUR MUSICIAN

By Thomas Whitney Surette



my article on Music as a Career I tried to make clear the need of good teachers, what preparations were necessary, how to go about making them and what satisfaction and reward anyone might expect. I felt compelled to point out the difficulties in

the way of a career as a professional performer because I have seen so many failures. These were not always owing to lack of ability, but often to the conditions now existing in concert giving in this country. These conditions are unlikely to change.

Here I am to write of the Amateur Musician; the person, that is, who likes music, who sings a little or plays a little, but who has no idea of becoming a professional. Such persons constitute of course a vast multitude compared with those who make music a career; and if I can do something to help them, I shall be fortunate. For upon the broad basis of amateur music the whole art rests. Without it no healthy growth is possible. When we do have it we shall undoubtedly produce original and characteristic music, for the art of composition itself depends on a general consciousness of music among the people. The great man says that which we all feel but cannot say. He is ourselves caught up into a kind of glory. He is the general; we are the army; he is the orator who speaks that which we feel and are; he is the poet who sings our songs for us better than we can sing them.

In the United States at the present time there is, I am afraid, not much family singing, but a large number of families own pianos that are at least occasionally played upon. So I purpose to speak first about piano playing, to try to show you how to get the best out of it, what music to use,



how to cultivate your taste and understanding and make piano playing a real resource.

The first step to take is undoubtedly to learn to play as much fine music as possible. Perhaps you have hitherto used what music

came most easily to hand; popular music of the day with an occasional piece by a great composer. There is no particular harm in an occasional piece of popular music, but it never gives any lasting pleasure; you soon get tired of it and have to supply yourself with a fresh stock. And of course, if you play nothing else, you soon get to the point where any real satisfaction in music is impossible. Any amateur or for that matter any professional musician can hear or use the best popular music without harm if he is thoroughly grounded in and thoroughly likes the pieces of the great composers, just as a person who has read and enjoyed Thackeray, Conrad, Meredith and other fine novelists suffers no harm from reading good detective stories.

You perhaps notice that I have used the word "harm." I mean just that. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a person is the destruction of his taste for and love of beauty; and that is bound to take place if he continually applies himself to poor music or poor literature. For the love of beauty is a precious possession. From it without wealth (or a dozen other overrated things) anyone can get great happiness, whereas the total absence of it leaves him a dull wanderer in a meaningless world.

Great music you can play over and over again and always find something new in it. That is not because you failed to notice everything the first time you played it, but because you continually grow more receptive to what it has to say to you. It is precisely the same with all other great art. The painting, the novel, the poem, does not change; you change. Having been ignorant, you become wise; having been blind, you see; having been deaf to all except the outward sounds,—which a dog can probably hear as well as you can,—you hear. That is the glorious thing about all art; it does not instruct, it inspires.

At whatever stage of piano playing you are there is good music for you. If you are at the very beginning, there are lovely folk tunes simply arranged. A little later there are simple pieces by Schumann, by Mozart and by Bach. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Grieg, Brahms, César Franck—they are the composers to learn to love and to understand. If you have a musical nature and really want to make the best out of it, I strongly urge you to play as much of Bach's music as you possibly can. He will do more for your

THE BACK-GROUND OF MUSIC



mind, for your love of the best, as well as for your fingers, than any other composer can do. But do not forget that great art of any kind is not to be had for the asking. Wait; be patient; try again; you must give as well as take. What you give comes back to you; no more.

You can, I think, help the processes by means of which you absorb the spirit of the music. Although the best of what you get from great music comes almost unconsciously, a certain amount of knowledge of the period that produced it is enlightening. For the composer was a human being like yourself. And just as you are constantly influenced in your mode of life by your surroundings and by prevailing ideas, so he reflects or even expresses something of the intellectual world in which he lived.

Look, for example, at the first half of the nineteenth century. Social and political life was in a turmoil. The effect of the French Revolution was evident everywhere. New ideas were appearing; new ventures were being made in all directions; all the arts were finding new means of expression. Romantic music, romantic poetry, impressionistic painting were challenging the past just as in a more violent way the French Revolution had challenged it. So when you play a piece of music produced in this period you are dealing with something that has been affected by it. Not too closely of course, because music cannot actually depict. But consider this: Schumann said that no one could understand his music who did not know the writings of Jean Paul Richter. (See Carlyle's German Romance, vol. II: essay on Richter, followed by translation of two of Richter's characteristic pieces.) Beethoven dedicated his Third Symphony to Napoleon, only to tear up the page containing the dedication when Napoleon proclaimed himself emperor. Chopin was half

French, half Polish, and his music reflects both influences. He lived in a circle of literary and musical people in Paris that included George Sand, De Musset, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Balzac and Gautier. Any book by any one of those authors would throw light on the period and be interesting for you to read.

But the one book that reveals the very heart of this whole matter is Jean Christophe by Romain Rolland. It is a vivid picture of the period, for, although it deals chiefly with music, it deals also with the whole artistic and intellectual movement of the nineteenth century.

This nineteenth-century movement in art and literature is sometimes called the Romantic Movement. It affected and found expression in English literature, culminating there in the poetry of Shelley. You will find an interesting and witty essay by

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT



Walter Bagehot in the second volume of his *Literary Studies* under the title *Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning* that deals with certain phases of it. You should read also some poetry of the late eighteenth century and then some from the Romantic period in order to see what changes took place in substance as well as in style. Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is typical of the eighteenth century, and Shelley's *To a Skylark* or *Ode to the West Wind* of the nineteenth. (In romantic expressions Hegel held that the spiritual element predominates over the material. You might consider that saying when you read the books I recommend to you.)

It is obvious that the spirit of the time was felt by those great men. But how, you ask, does it show itself in their music? You will be dissatisfied with my answer. It is: find out for yourself. Read and play; read and play. For if I tell you all about it, I am simply giving you some almost useless information. The only way you can understand it is to find it out for yourself and feel it to be true.

The events about which I have been writing have not only affected the art of that period, but their influence still goes on. They have affected you yourself. Nothing is ever lost. A puff of air, the blow of a hammer, a spoken word, a new idea—these go on forever. Even simple acts of your own transfer their energy through people and things endlessly. If you leave your house and go to a shop and buy a spool of thread, your act perpetuates itself through all the people who deal with it from the shopkeeper to the manufacturer, to the men who made the thread and the spool, to the steel mill and the machinery and to those who made it, to the field where the cotton grew, to the tree from which the spool was made, back even to the sun and the rain, to the whole cosmos. How much more vividly then does a great movement reach onward into endless time! Would it not be interesting to make yourself consciously a part of it?

You have perhaps already begun to think that I am proceeding backwards in this matter, since I have said nothing about how to play or how to practice. Suppose you were an

art student and you went to an art gallery to study a famous painting. Before studying its details wouldn't you take a long look at the picture? Suppose you were training to be a writer and were studying the novel, and you wanted to contrast the style of Thackeray and that of Conrad in, say, *Pendennis* and *Chance*, wouldn't you first read each book through? Of course you would, because the force of any detail either in picture or in book depends on its relation to the whole. "But," you may say, "how can I play this piece of music as a whole when I can't play any part of it well?" I answer that you must play it through to the best of your ability, and, if your ability is not great enough to give you a general idea of what the piece is like, then it is probably too difficult for you to play at all. But by trying to do it with all your pieces you will soon find your ability in doing it improve.

As you study your pieces you should notice the form in which they are cast, and so far as possible you should acquire knowledge of the style of the composer. Everyone plays Mozart, for example, quite differently from Schumann. And when you play a piano sonata you will find that a real knowledge of the form of each movement is not only valuable but even essential.

Of course you know that playing the piano depends on good coördination of hand and eye. The common idea that learning to play the piano is the inevitable or only approach to music is quite wrong. Before a child attempts to learn, this matter should be tested and, if coördination is defective, some other approach to music should be adopted. In this respect violin playing is simpler, and singing is simpler still. The most common defect of amateur playing is poor rhythm. It may be owing to defective coördination, but it is often owing to the fact that the player does not listen critically enough to his own playing. You will be the person called on to accompany solo or concerted singing; therefore you must learn to listen to others as well as to yourself.

One of the great pleasures of playing the piano is to take part in chamber music; that is, in music with other instruments. If you can find a violinist, you will have a fine list of sonatas to choose from by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Grieg and—much more difficult—by Brahms and César Franck. Trios—with a cello added—or quartettes—with cello and viola added—by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms will give you endless pleasure. Or you can find much beautiful symphonic and chamber music arranged for piano four hands. By that means you can learn all the great symphonies, and that is an education in itself.

There remains to be said something about other instruments. I believe in making music by whatever means possible, and I do not sympathize with the contempt felt by some professional musicians for those who play the cornet, the saxophone or other non-orchestral instruments. As a matter of fact modern orchestral music has begun to employ some of them. The music's the thing. I have heard the subject of a Bach fugue skillfully played on a tin whistle and have laughed and enjoyed it. The great theme at the end of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is indestructible; it would not be lost if you played it with one finger on a melodeon or on the xylophone. I believe, however, that an intelligent and musical person should not continue to play inferior instruments; he should graduate from a tin whistle, a saxophone or a cornet to a flute, a clarinet or an oboe or to a French horn or a trumpet. The main point is to play something, to take an active instead of a passive part in the music.

If you play any one of these instruments it is quite possible that you can find other amateurs to join you. With some one to play the piano almost any combination of instruments is possible, and music suitably arranged can be found.

Without doubt the very best form of amateur music is the string quartette. The music composed for it ranges from simple quartettes by Haydn up to exceedingly complex quartettes by Beethoven and modern composers. If you can't find anyone who plays the

viola, persuade a violinist to learn it; to change does not require much practice. A cellist may be difficult to find, but it is worth a lot of trouble to get the four players together.

Among the people who make music singers are generally the least well educated. With a good voice and very little study and knowledge of music they are able to win applause. The very sound of a fine voice is in itself interesting; so singers are sometimes satisfied with that and never make of themselves good musicians. Many of them are like a person who has learned to repeat carefully a great poem that he does not really understand. To sing well requires a general knowledge of music and of the style of the composer and of the text itself.

After all I am only suggesting to you that it is better to sing songs because you like and understand them than because your teacher has taught you, parrotlike, to repeat them after him. There is no real satisfaction to be got from singing or playing unless you put yourself into it. And the teacher who tells you to sing or play a passage in such and such a manner without telling you why is failing in his task. It is true that the public at large still applauds singing as such, still crowds to hear a great singer even though the singer sacrifices everything else in order to show off a voice. The public taste is not so good as yours ought to be.

I am writing of matters that affect not alone your success as an amateur musician but your happiness as a human being, which is another matter entirely and a much more important one. I am trying to show you how you can make your music a source of endless pleasure to yourself and to others. I am not writing down to you, but up to you. I believe you will get the most lasting pleasure out of coming into contact with great music like that of the composers I have mentioned. I want to enlarge your horizon, give your own individuality and personality a chance to express itself and turn you toward great things. I want you to see this subject widely and not merely as one who sings pretty songs to admiring friends.

There are plenty of good songs to suit every taste and every grade of skill. You might begin by learning a lot of beautiful folk songs, of which there is a large supply from every country. Folk songs depend for their effect on simplicity of singing and on making clear the meaning of the words. Perhaps you heard the chorus of Czechoslovak children who recently sang in this country. Those children could not read music accurately, and I am told that their leader was not a highly trained musician, yet their singing was beautiful. They made the meaning of the words clear, varying the music to conform to it. When they started to learn the *Star-Spangled Banner*, for example, they considered first what emotions were being expressed by the text. They found, first, a sort of wonder, "Oh! Say, can you see?" Then they found the description of the battle, "The rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air"; then they found thankfulness, "The flag was still there." They then treated the music as an expression of these three moods. The first part was sung with wonder, breathlessly; the second part very fast and full of clashings; the third devoutly, as a thanksgiving. In short they made you feel that the song had been recreated. So it had been.

Space does not permit me to make a list of folk songs, and in any case it is better for you to choose your own. In this connection you might read John Fiske's *Myths and Myth Makers*, which will give you an idea of the sources and meanings of the old stories on which many of these songs are based.

There are many songs that somewhat resemble folk songs, although not really folk songs at all; and these you might study next. You will find some of them in a collection of Schubert's songs; *Heidenröslein* (Hedge Roses) and *Ständchen* (Hark, Hark, the Lark!) are examples. Schubert wrote many lyric songs, and you could not find any better way of training your taste than to learn some of them. Then there are the songs of Robert Franz and the lyric songs of Schumann; *Die Lotusblume* (The Lotus Flower), *Du bist wie eine Blume* (Thou art lovely as a flower) and *Mondnacht* (Moonlight) are examples. If you like dramatic songs, you will find some fine ones by Schubert

and Schumann; *Der Wanderer* (The Wanderer), *Der Doppelgänger* (The Counterfeit), *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel), *Der Leiermann* (The Organ Player) by the former, and *Die beiden Grenadiere* (The Two Grenadiers) and *Ich grolle nicht* (I'll not complain) by the latter. Then there are beautiful songs by Brahms, such as *Die Mainacht* (May Night), *Sapphische Ode* (Sapphic Ode), *Feldeinsamkeit* (In Summer Fields), *Minnelied* (Love Song), *Wie bist du, meine Königin* (My Queen), *Der Schmied* (The Smith), and so forth. You would be interested perhaps in some of the songs by Hugo Wolf. He thought of the music as an intimate expression of the meaning of the words, and many of his songs may seem to you unmelodious, but you will find them highly expressive and sometimes quite wonderful. *Das Verlassene Magdlein* (The Forsaken Maiden) and *Anakreon's Grab* (Anacreon's Grave) I should recommend for a beginning. It is always better and cheaper to buy a volume of the favorite songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and others than to buy songs separately. You can get the volumes in American editions.

Of course it is much better to sing all these songs in the original language, because poetry is the form of literature that suffers most from translation, and some of the poems used in the songs I have named are very beautiful. But all these songs may be had in English translation.

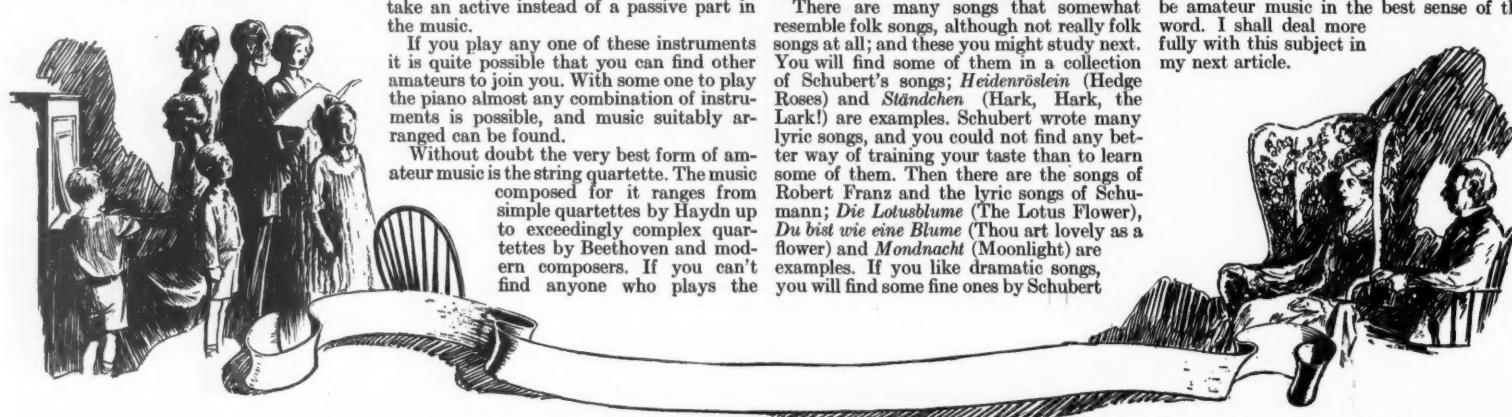
Anyone who has had experience in conducting choruses is familiar with the type of person whose voice is too precious to use in choral singing. Such persons love the sound of their own voices. They take lessons endlessly from one teacher after another. They never learn to interpret a song for themselves, but continually go to a teacher to be coached. They get an inflated idea of their own powers, and all because they were endowed with a good singing voice, but were denied

MUSIC AT HOME



the necessary capacity for self-criticism and the necessary curiosity about music itself. Do not hold yourself aloof from chorus singing. It provides fine training and offers you an opportunity to know music that you would not otherwise know. And it gives you the great pleasure of making beautiful music with others, which is the best way to make it. And you should try to lead others toward good music. Every singer should also hear as much good instrumental music as possible. The range of vocal music is after all small compared with that of the orchestra. Nothing would be better for you than attendance on orchestral or string-quartet concerts.

Obviously the first place for the amateur to foster music is at home. Begin singing together at some time when some common feeling animates everybody. Christmas is an ideal time to begin, because everyone feels some interest or emotion in what Christmas represents. Try to get your family to sing then and perhaps on Sundays when you are all together. Don't be discouraged if the singing is poor at first. Keep at it! You might easily form the habit of having Sunday music at which you play and your family and their friends sing together. That would be amateur music in the best sense of the word. I shall deal more fully with this subject in my next article.



THE BEST COON DOG IN THE WORLD



By George M. Johnson

JOHN TAYLOR WILLIAMS, more commonly known as Snifty, had almost finished his afternoon chores when Lawrence Montgomery Dill—the name was commonly shortened by his friends to Dill Pickle or, more simply, Pickle—strode into the yard, looking extremely important.

"Hello, Pickle. What's the good word?" was John Taylor's affable greeting.

"Hello, yourself. The good word is that I've got something over to my house that you ought to see. I'm telling you, Snifty."

"What is it?" John asked.

"That's all right what it is, Snifty. It's worth seeing."

Lawrence Montgomery Dill's words and actions had such an air of mystery about them that his friend simply had to accompany him. Presently the two arrived at the Dill home, where Lawrence conducted his visitor back to the combination shed and garage.

"There it is," he said, with the pride of ownership ringing in the words.

John Taylor Williams glanced curiously round him. He saw nothing more startling than a forlorn-looking pup tied to the wall by a rope almost strong enough to have moored a battleship. "What? Where?" he asked, again looking round.

"What's the matter with your eyes?" his friend demanded. "That dog is it!"

"Oh!" was all John said.

The disappointed note in his voice annoyed the youthful Pickle. "Yes, sir, that dog's what I wanted you to see," he said. "And that's not all there is to it either."

"Where's the rest of it then?" John Taylor asked as if part of the dog had been mislaid somewhere.

"Don't be so simple, Snifty!" Lawrence Montgomery Dill replied sharply. "I didn't mean there was any more to him; it's about him." Then in a low, important voice he added, "Snifty, that dog you're looking at is the best coon dog in the world!"

John Taylor Williams was duly impressed, for a thing must be pretty good to be the best of its kind in the world. He scrutinized the animal more respectfully, but was no more impressed than at first. Lawrence Montgomery Dill waited in expectant silence.

"Where did you get him?" his chum finally inquired mainly to be polite.

"Mort Reynolds gave him to me."

"Did you say Mort gave him to you?"

"Sure, I did. What's the matter with that?"

"Is Mort sick or somethin'?"

"Not that I know of," replied Dill Pickle in obvious exasperation. "What's that got to do with his giving me the pup?"

"Nothing except that Mort ain't in the habit of giving folks things that a body wouldn't want to give right away again," replied John. "But it's probably all right. Miracles have been known to happen. What you figuring on doing with him?"

"Going coon hunting. We'll organize a coon hunt for tomorrow night."

"Why don't we go all day Saturday?" John Taylor asked, but from the air of supreme hauteur, not to say condescension, with which his friend greeted the remark he immediately realized that he had made a serious blunder. It was evident that Mort Reynolds had accompanied his gift with a generous supply of information regarding coon hunting.

"You always hunt coons at night," Lawrence Montgomery Dill kindly informed his

chum. "You take a coon dog, one that's been trained so he won't trail anything except just coons. Makes no difference how many rabbits or foxes or partridges or—er—"

"Mushrads," suggested the other brightly.

"Yes, mushrads or any other kind of animal he happens to run into or cross their trail, he won't follow 'em at all. His business is to trail coons, and that's all he does. He follows the coon, and you follow the dog, and after a while Mister Coon finds things are getting too warm for the state of his health, and then he climbs a tree. The dog keeps the coon treed until the hunters get up to him; sometimes you climb the tree and shake the coon out, and sometimes you cut the tree down. Whichever it is, your good old dog grabs the coon when he hits the ground and starts legging it away. Then you put him in a burlap sack and go after another."

"Sounds pretty good," John Taylor admitted. "You can count on me for a coon hunt tomorrow night. But tell me, Pickle, how do you know this pup of yours is the best coon dog in the world?"

"Mort said so, and Sam Olling and Pete Simpson were there when he gave it to me; they said so too."

"Mebbe they're right at that. Did they tell you a good place to hunt coons?"

"Along the base of the big ridge is a bally place. They live up on the ridge, but at night they come down by the creek to feed. Funny thing about coons; they always have to wash their food before they eat it."

"They're as fussy as my Aunt Sarah," John Taylor said. "She won't eat any fruit until she's near scrubbed it away to nothing. Do we take any guns with us?"

"We'd better not. Night time's too dark for good shooting, and besides it's kind of dangerous, because a fellow might shoot one of the gang in the blackness. Lots of hunters prefer to bring in their coons alive."

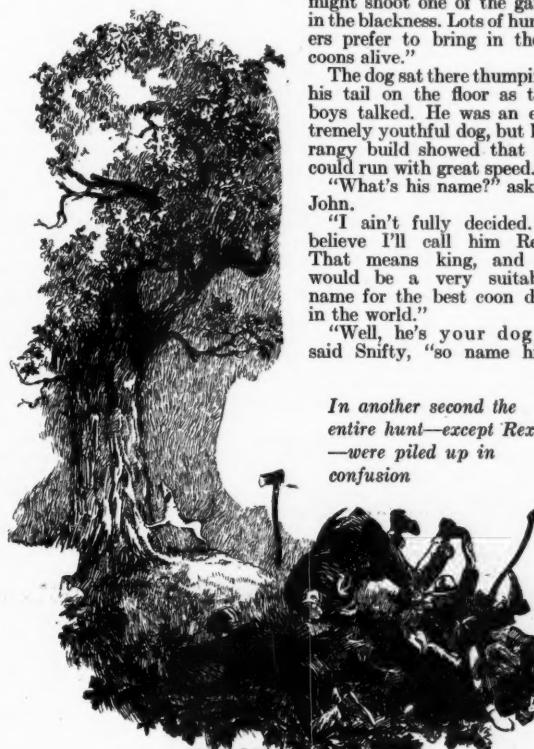
The dog sat there thumping his tail on the floor as the boys talked. He was an extremely youthful dog, but his rangy build showed that he could run with great speed.

"What's his name?" asked John.

"I ain't fully decided. I believe I'll call him Rex. That means king, and it would be a very suitable name for the best coon dog in the world."

"Well, he's your dog," said Snifty, "so name him

In another second the entire hunt—except Rex—were piled up in confusion



anything you want to; but it strikes me that kings ain't doing very well lately, and I'd be afraid to take a chance."

At Lawrence Montgomery Dill's suggestion the two boys started out to round up coon hunters. They met with encouraging success so far as promises went.

"Some of the fellows will get cold feet the last minute," Lawrence declared, "but that's all right. We don't want anybody along whose sporting blood's diluted with water."

"Right you are," his friend agreed.

The hunters were to assemble at seven o'clock near the Baptist Church, each with a lunch, some sort of light and a burlap sack to hold a coon. Two promised to bring axes, but guns were ruled out.

John Taylor and Lawrence Montgomery with Rex, the king of dogs, were at the

It was not yet dark when they reached the mill pond



appointed meeting place ahead of time the following evening. After a while, the Randolph brothers, Rod and Tim arrived, and then came Jerry Blakeman and Bosco Treadway.

Because he owned the dog Lawrence Montgomery Dill naturally assumed control as master of the hunt. "We'll wait fifteen minutes more," he said, "and then shake a leg. We can't hang round here all night for the rest of those lads."

"Tunk Berry said his ma wouldn't let him come," Bosco informed the others. "He didn't act very sorry about it, though."

"Ice on his feet," the captain replied shortly. "She'd let him come if he really wanted to."

At the end of fifteen minutes no one else had arrived, and so the hunters started out the Rocky River road towards the ridge. It was not yet dark when they reached the mill pond a mile out of town, but the night noises were beginning. A whippoorwill was tuning up over in Judd's pasture, and down under the alders at the upper end of the pond a big bullfrog was grumbling and muttering to himself.

Darkness had settled before the boys struck off the ridge road into the woods. Willow Brook ran along the base of the ridge for some little distance before it emptied into Rocky River, and the hunters, all of whom had gone there after trout, knew the country pretty well.

"Mort says you can most always start a coon along the brook somewhere," said Captain Dill, and he untied the rope round Rex's neck. "Go to it, Rex, old boy!" he ordered. "Hunt 'em out!"

Rex shook himself and then sat down to scratch.

"Hunt 'em out, Rex!" cried his owner.

The dog leisurely rose and sniffed without enthusiasm along the edge of Willow Brook.

"Tell him he's supposed to hunt coons, not trout," suggested Bosco Treadway. "Mebbe he thinks we're fishing."

"Coons, Rex, coons!" Pickle yelled, beginning to lose patience.

Rex seemed to understand and went off into the woods, stopping to sniff the ground at frequent intervals.

"That's the boy, Rex!" his owner called after him.

"What do we do now?" inquired Jerry Blakeman, who didn't pretend to know anything about coon hunting.

"We follow him until he hits a coon's trail," explained the master of the hunt. "Then after he finds a fresh scent and starts steaming along we can keep his position by the baying."

"What's baying?" Jerry's thirst for information was never fully quenched.

"Baying's the noise a hound makes on a hot trail," the leader replied. "Some folks I could mention are pretty ignorant."

"Oh, you mean barking?" said Jerry.

"No, sir, I mean baying. Hounds never bark; they always bay."

"Humph!" muttered Jerry. "Ain't much sense to that! Dogs bark, don't they? Well, then hounds bark."

The master of the hunt made no further comment.

The king of coon dogs proceeded to lead his followers a right merry chase through the woods. It had been dark in the open, but under the shadows of the trees that thickly covered the slope of the ridge it was black.

"Good night, nurse!" gulped Jerry plaintively after running his head against a sturdy maple sapling. "So dark in here a fellow could cut the air up in chunks and throw it round."

"What did you expect?" demanded the leader curtly. "A coon hunt at night isn't supposed to be exactly like a May party."

The boys had all thought themselves familiar with the ridge country, but somehow at night everything seemed different; the faint beams of an electric flashlight had almost no effect on the ocean of blackness that surrounded them on every hand. Another annoying fact was that the ridge proved to be a huge entanglement of barbed squirrel briars and similar thorny creepers.

"Where's that blamed dog?" yelled Tim Randolph. "I bet he's gone home and left us."

"Here he is," his brother answered, turning his flashlight on the pup, which had just come from a scouting trip. "Where's the coons, Rex? Hunt 'em out, boy!"

Rex, the king of coon dogs, was puffing like a porpoise.

"You can tell he hasn't smelled out a coon yet," the master of the hunt informed his fellows, "because he hasn't started to bay. Wait till you hear the music; then you'll know."

"Say, coons like green corn, don't they?" Bosco Treadway demanded, drowning what sounded like a snort of disgust from Jerry Blakeman.

"You bet they do!" John Taylor Williams agreed. "My Uncle Jim's a great coon hunter, and he told me this morning that along the edge of a corn patch near the woods is a corking place to find 'em."

"Well, then," Bosco continued, "we haven't hit the right part of the ridge yet. Old Man Hornby's got a patch of field corn just above the Willow Brook swamp. That's where we'll find our coon."

"Bosco's got the right idea there, all right," the leader conceded. "What say we hipper along for Hornby's corn patch?"

The hunt thereupon proceeded to "hipper," though because of the briars, the Virginia creepers and other trailing vines the pace proved rather slow as "hipping" goes. Rex kept tearing through the woods on all sides, but he never peeped, let alone bayed—except once when he managed to get hung up in a squirrel brier jungle, and then he howled at the top of his voice until the boys arrived to cut him loose.

Along toward midnight the hunt struck in along Hornby's corn patch, and for the first time Rex began to appear interested. He whined eagerly, and his tail wagged furiously; then he started zigzagging off through the trees with his nose close to the ground.

"Hurray!" shouted Dill enthusiastically. "The old fellow's hit a coon's trail at last!"

And immediately afterward to make Dill's triumph more complete the good old coon dog actually began to bay with deep throbbing notes that seemed to start at the bottom of his chest. "Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo," he wailed. Then a little pause and, "Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo" again.

The boys were desperately excited. They couldn't see the dog any longer, but by the weird noise that he was making could tell whether he was headed.

"Kind of spooky sound, I'd say," observed Bosco Treadway. "How would you feel if it was bloodhounds on your trail, making that sort of music? Excuse me please, mister!"

The master of the hunt was delighted; everything was coming along as he had said it would. "I bet that's a buster of a coon!" he cried. "I wouldn't wonder but we might get two or three more before morning."

"We haven't got this one yet," Jerry Blakeman ventured, but Dill silenced him scornfully.

Rex was now well up towards the summit of the ridge.

"Hadn't we better chase after him?" asked Tim Randolph. "He might be treeing that old coon most any time now."

"He's one mighty good dog," the leader said, "and I suspect he may swing the coon round down by the foot of the ridge near where he started it. That'll save us the trouble of piking up there after him. The best coon dogs generally do that."

Accordingly the boys waited round while Rex's baying grew fainter and fainter; but presently it began to sound louder again. Sure enough, he was coming back.

"What did I say?" cried Dill triumphantly. "If that old coon don't take to a tree, Rex'll have him here. Didn't I tell you he was the best coon dog in the world?"

Everyone was now fairly boiling with excitement. The sound of the chase swung back towards the upper end of the corn patch; then Rex kept up a steady yelping from one spot.

"He's treed!" Pickle shouted and started on a run in the direction of the noise.

The rest of the crowd were close at his heels, but he suddenly tripped over a grape-vine, and the next boy tripped over him. In another second the entire hunt—except Rex—were piled up in confusion, flopping about helplessly. At last, however, the arms and legs were unwound, and the hunters, all of them badly winded, reached the spot where Rex had treed his victim. They found the dog eagerly dancing round the base of a giant oak fully five feet through at the butt.

"The old coon's up that tree," Dill Pickle yelled. "Good dog, Rex!"

He pointed his flash light up into the tree, and its gleam was reflected by what looked like two little balls of fire thirty or more feet above the ground.

"There he is!" the bunch shouted in chorus, and Rex yelped and whined in frantic delight. He was having the time of his young life.

"How we going to get him down?" Jerry asked blandly. "Can't climb that tree, and I'm acquainted with one party that's not a candidate for the job of hacking her down."

"We'd be all right if we only had a gun," Tim Randolph suggested hopefully.

"Yes," his brother jeered, "and so could a snake fly if it had wings; and if we had some ham, we'd have some ham and eggs if we had some eggs."

The hunters held a council of war. As a result, they decided to guard the tree till morning and then send a deputation up to Mr. Hornby's house to borrow his shotgun. The coon was safely treed, and not one of the boys was willing to go home without him. They ate lunch and then sat round telling yarns. At first it wasn't so bad, but after a couple of hours time began to drag; yet there was no other way out of it, and the thought of the fat coon they were to capture the hunters considerably.

At last dawn arrived, and as soon as it seemed probable that the farmer would be up John and Lawrence started for his house, leaving the others on guard. The coon had not been visible for some time, for the animal had climbed higher and was well hidden by the leaves, but Rex's actions proved that it was still there.

The two boys found Mr. Hornby just getting ready to milk his cows. He appeared astonished to see them there so early in the day. "Morning, boys," he said. "Where in tunket did you come from?"

"We've been hunting coons all night," Lawrence Montgomery replied, "and we've got a buster of a coon treed in the big oak down by your corn patch. Tree's too big to climb, so we're wondering if you'd be good enough to come down there and shoot him for us."

"I ain't a mite surprised ye found one," Mr. Hornby said. "There's been some around that patch all summer. Kin ye see the beggar?"

"Sure, we saw him a pile of times by our flash lights," said Lawrence. "I just got a new coon dog, and this is the first time we tried him out. He's considered by authorities to be the best coon dog in the world."

"That so?" inquired the farmer with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "Must be a remarkable animal. I'll come down and shoot him fer ye—excuse me, I mean the coon. Nothing like a little excitement before breakfast. Gives a man a good appetite."

Mr. Hornby put down the pail and went into the house after his gun; when he returned the trio started back to the old oak.

"Now where's that coon hiding, boys?" Mr. Hornby asked, slipping a couple of shells into his gun.

"Last time we saw his eyes shine was in the crotch of that second big branch," Jerry

replied. "He's somewhere near there now. How big do you reckon he is, Mr. Hornby?"

"I kin tell ye better after I've socked him," the farmer answered, stepping back a few paces to get a better look.

Then he gave a sudden start of interest, but instead of shooting laid his gun on the ground and began to laugh. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he chuckled.

"What's the matter?" cried the hunters.

"How long you boys been camped here?"

"Since about midnight," some one replied.

"Oh, my goodness gracious! All that time!" And much to the mystification of his puzzled audience the old fellow laughed until he was completely out of breath. Finally he stopped long enough to wipe his eyes with an ancient bandana. "O dear!" he sighed delightedly. "Wait till my wife hears about this!"

Mr. Hornby again glanced up into the tree. "Here, Peter," he called. "Come on down, Peter. Poor Peter!"

From the shelter of the leaves sounded a

plaintive, "Meow, meow!" Then an old black cat strolled out on the branch to glare doubtfully down on the crowd assembled round the base of the tree.

"Bring me down here ter shoot my wife's old black tabby fer a coon!" cried Mr. Hornby and relapsed into another fit of unrestrained mirth. "Bless my soul! That's a powerful fine coon dog ye've got, boy, I'm a-telling ye!"

The members of the hunting club said nothing. Somehow no remarks worthy of the situation occurred to them. The master of the hunt appeared dazed, as if some one had sat down on him hard.

"I got to git back to my chores," said Mr. Hornby when he had gained fair control of his mirth. "You boys better come along with me, and I'll promise ye some breakfast. Reckon ye've earned it. Peter'll come down when he gets ready."

They started along with him. Rex looked exceedingly sheepish as if he fully realized what a fool he had made of himself and of

his trusting friends. But he recovered quickly and began ranging off through the corn patch. All of a sudden he gave a terrified howl, and the group heard him ripping through the corn towards them. He came out of the patch like a bullet; his tail was clamped up tight between his legs, and he was yelping dolefully, as if he knew that his last hour on earth was at hand. About one jump and a half behind him was a fierce-looking creature.

"Look out! It's a wildcat!" Lawrence Montgomery Dill shouted, scared out of his wits.

"Wildcat, yer granny!" cried the old man Hornby shrilly. "Thet's the biggest coon I ever see, and I've seen some big ones."

"Berooom!" spoke the gun, and about thirty pounds of dead coon lay in the path by the corn patch.

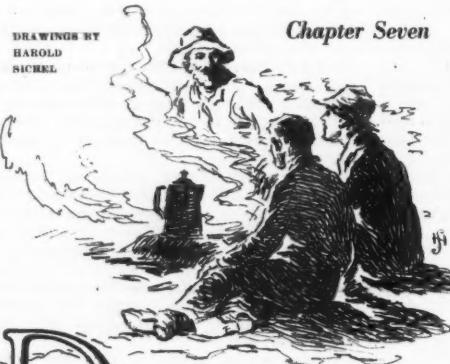
The best coon dog in the world never stopped to see what happened when the gun roared, and for all the boys know he's still running. None of them ever saw him again.

TREASURE SWAMP

By Frank Lillie Pollock

DRAWING BY HAROLD SICKLE

Chapter Seven



D

Uncle Norman explains his delay

ICK dragged his brother from his assailant, and as Kenneth caught a full glimpse of the man's face he uttered a bewildered cry.

Uncle Norman got on his feet, boiling with indignation. "What's all this?" he ejaculated. "Who are you and—"

Dick's laughter checked him; then an amazed look spread over his face. "I declare, if it isn't the boys!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here? I looked for you weeks ago. It's all right, Crawford," he added to his companion, who was crawling out with a deeply aggrieved look; "these boys are my nephews."

"Nice sort of relatives you've got!" grumbled Crawford, who was stout and commanding-looking. "Are they hold-up men or pirates?"

"Awfully sorry!" Dick apologized. "We took you for real pirates. We've been trailing

Before any of them could move Williams stepped into the little opening



some. A man named Williams—do you know him, Uncle Norman?"

"Williams? I should think so! What's he done?"

"He has a gang with him, and they've got away with a lot of timber, valuable stuff, from your place—"

"Not the old timber from the bog?" cried Norman Harwood sharply.

"Yes, the bog timber. I didn't suppose you knew anything about that. We thought you were after the peat."

"You boys have been making discoveries, it seems," said the prospector. "What's it all about? Why didn't you come when I sent for you? How long have you been here, and what have you been doing?"

"Waiting for you much of the time," replied Dick. "But we always knew you'd turn up. And we've been having adventures, especially Kenneth."

Dick hurriedly explained why they had come so late and recounted their discovery of the peat, of the bog timber and of Williams's raid. He did not, however, mention his own successful peat process; that needed too much explanation, and the time did not seem right.

"I sent that letter down to Cedar Lake by an Indian who happened by," said Harwood. "I gave him a dollar to mail it. He must have got it wet and then didn't mail it for a week or so. I wanted you boys badly. I was getting nervous."

"About the peat?" Dick inquired.

"No, the peat's a failure. Nothing in that. It was about Williams."

Crawford began to poke up the camp fire. "If we're not going to get any sleep tonight,"

he suggested, "let's have a pot of tea or something."

"And some grub," Kenneth added eagerly.

"I've been starving for the past week."

"You've got nerve anyway," said Uncle Norman. "You're a couple of smart youngsters, and I only wish I'd had you with me from the start. As you've guessed, it was that peat bog that brought me into this swamp hole. It's an unusually fine grade of peat, and I was most enthusiastic about being able to manufacture it and build up a big trade with the mines. I spent a lot of time; I was at it all last year, and it cost a good deal more than I could afford, hauling in all that apparatus up the river in the winter on the river ice. But I had to give it up. It can't be done."

"Can't it, though?" Dick exclaimed; but the prospector was busy getting out food and did not hear.

"Williams came in accidentally last summer," he resumed when the kettle was on. "I didn't know him then so well as I do now, and I hired him to help me for a while and was foolish enough to let him discover what I was trying to do. I was sorry afterwards. He was intensely curious, hung round a long time and came in again several times during the fall. This spring he turned up again, but then I'd given up the peat project and discovered the real value in the swamp—the bog timber. I don't know why I'd never spotted it before. I knew something of that half-petrified bog wood of course, but I didn't know that it occurred in this country. I mailed a small sample down to a timber expert in Montreal, and he wrote back that if I had much of it I could get rich. Mr. Crawford here thinks so too. He represents a big furniture manufacturer in Toronto, and he's coming up to look at it and make a bid."

"I never dreamed that Williams guessed what that old timber was, but now I imagine he must have seen that letter. I probably left it in my table drawer, and I was out of the cabin a great deal. Anyway he became more and more prying; he proposed that I go shares with him on my plans, and at last I became really afraid of what he might do. That was when I wrote to you. A little later we had a regular quarrel, and I put him off the place,—showed him the end of a gun,—and he went away muttering all sorts of threats."

At this point the tea was ready. Crawford drank a scalding hot cup and retired again to his couch, and the boys appeased their long-unsatisfied stomachs with abundant cold meat, bread and raisins, of which Uncle Norman had a plentiful supply.

"Well, I waited in vain for you boys," the prospector went on, "but I was anxious to go out to Montreal to make a deal for the timber. I hated to leave the place,—I was afraid of Williams,—but at last a survey party came through, going up the river, and I went with them twenty miles where there's a short cut across country to strike the main railway line to Montreal. I'd been feeling sick for some time, and I had no sooner got to Montreal than I was taken down with typhoid. I must have got it at Cedar Lake; there was fever there, and I'd been out several times."

"I spent four weeks in the hospital. I'm weak yet, or you mightn't have got

me down so easily," he said to Kenneth. "And when I got out I couldn't make any satisfactory deal in Montreal, so I went to Toronto. There I tried to find you boys and was astonished to hear that you'd gone north. But I got Mr. Crawford interested, and he came up here with me."

"Thank goodness, you've come!" said Kenneth fervently. "We'll be able to handle Williams now. He must be somewhere up on the lake with the raft and not far either. That raft means everything. You see it's capital for the peat—Dick's process."

"Yes," Dick said diffidently. "I went on with your experiments at briquetting peat. I think I've succeeded."

"Peat briquettes?" exclaimed the prospector. "Nonsense! Several times I thought I'd succeeded too."

"Not briquettes exactly, peat coke. The manager of the Hawthorne plant liked it. Said they'd take any quantity. I figure that we could deliver it for about six dollars a ton and make a dollar or two."

Norman Harwood slapped his nephew violently on the shoulder. "My congratulations if you've really done it, Dick! We'll make a big thing of it—that is, if you'll let your uncle in on the deal. I'd given up in disgust, never thought of trying to coke the peat. I see that it might work. Just tell me how you did it."

Dick proceeded to explain his operations and his financial scheme that his visit to Hawthorne had blasted. Uncle Norman listened with intense interest.

"Great work, Dick!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I don't see how there can be any mistake, and it looks as if you might make us all rich. But we'll find that two thousand dollars won't be capital enough to start with; more likely it will take many times that. You've no idea of the cost of starting a plant, especially in such a remote place. But I guess I can raise some money myself, and with the bog timber—"

"Which we haven't got yet," said Kenneth. "And how about the legal tangle, Uncle Norman? Who owns that place?"

"There's no legal tangle. The place is a government veteran's grant, and it belongs to Edward Lougheed, whom I've known for years. He's a middle-aged druggist in Toronto now, but he was in the South African war and got this tract of swamp in reward. I doubt if he's ever been up here, but he leased it to me for ten years with all rights, peat or timber, mud or mineral. If we work the peat, of course we'll pay him a royalty. No trouble about that part. The problem now is to get that timber back."

"I don't think that'll be difficult either," said Dick. "The raft will have to come past here tomorrow morning, and we'll board it. When Williams sees you he'll know the game is up."

They debated the matter for some time, but no better plan presented itself. It was manifestly impossible to scout for the raft in the foggy darkness. Crawford was already asleep again. It was nearly midnight, and the boys were growing drowsy in the natural reaction after their anxiety and fatigue and excitement. They would have to wake early to make sure of intercepting the raft; so they rearranged the sleeping accommodations and lay down.

Kenneth awoke in the gray dawn, full of the alarm and uncertainty of the past few days; and then came a rush of relief at the sight of Uncle Norman, who was already building the fire. Dick and Crawford were still asleep. The fog still hung heavy on the river.

"Not a sign of the pirates yet," said Uncle Norman. "I thought I heard an axe, though, somewhere far up. We'd better get grub over and be ready."

Dick and Crawford were roused, and in fifteen minutes the water in the kettle was boiling, and bacon was sizzling in the pan. A dim glow appeared in the east as they sat down to eat, and the mist seemed to be thinning among the tree tops.

"Williams is a dangerous man," said Uncle Norman, "and I'm not so sure about his knuckling under peacefully. He probably has an exaggerated idea of the value of that raft. You boys better have your guns ready."

The prospector had no firearm with him, but the timber merchant had a revolver,



which Uncle Norman borrowed. "You don't have to fight, Crawford," he observed. "All you have to do is to buy the timber when we've got it."

Crawford grinned. He was not a fighting man.

From the camp there was a good view of the clouded surface of the water for some rods, so that the raft could not possibly slip by unawares, and they delayed a little, lingering over the breakfast. Dick was talking enthusiastically of the prospects for peat coke when there was a sharp crackling in the cedar thickets to the right, and before any of them could move Williams stepped into the little opening. He carried his rifle, and behind him came the two others, armed with axes. Probably he had not had the slightest suspicion whose camp it was. He stopped short, staring, and for several seconds no one spoke or moved.

"Is that you, Williams?" said Harwood placidly at last.

"How much are you going to charge me for getting out of that timber, and where have you left it?"

The blank amazement on Williams's face changed to dark fury. Kenneth expected a hot altercation, but Williams must have realized that mere words were useless. He threw up his rifle like a flash. "Sit still all of you!" he commanded. "The first man that stirs'll get it. Jump 'em, you fellows! Rush 'em! They durstn't shoot while I've got 'em covered."

But his men hung back. "We ain't hired to do no fightin'," muttered the false Lougheed.

"We better get out of this, Williams," said the other.

"Come on, you cowards!" cried Williams. "We'll split the thing even. It'll be a thousand apiece. You ain't scared? Rush 'em!"

Receiving no answer, he shifted his glance aside to see his companions slinking back and vanishing in the underbrush.

Seizing that moment of inattention, Dick leaped forward—just too late! The rifle seemed to explode in his very face. His hat flew off, and he staggered several steps backward and fell.

With a shout of horror Kenneth and Uncle Norman sprang up. Williams, backing off, made as if to fire again and then swung the barrel of his gun viciously. It caught the prospector on the skull. Uncle Norman dropped in a heap, and Williams wheeled and bolted, crashing through the cedars.

Kenneth hesitated for a second and then, snatching up his shotgun, tore in pursuit. Williams was out of sight, but the sound of smashing undergrowth reached the boy plainly. Then it ceased, and a moment later Kenneth came out on the edge of the river to see the fellow several rods up the stream, bending over the canoe paddle. He glanced savagely over his shoulder at Kenneth's yell and redoubled his speed. Kenneth fired, but the light shot spattered harmlessly on the water, and already the canoe was melting into the low-lying mist.

Kenneth stared breathlessly after it, then turned and dashed back to the camp. To his intense relief Dick had risen, though he looked dazed and rather foolish. Crawford was bending over Uncle Norman.

"Missed me clean," Dick explained. "It seemed to go off right in my face and half stunned me, and I tripped and fell. Did he shoot Uncle Norman?"

The veteran prospector had had a hard knock and still was unconscious. Blood was oozing through his hair. They brought up a dipper of water and soaked his head and face, but he failed to revive.

"Only a knockout, I think," said Crawford.

It was ten or fifteen minutes before Uncle Norman began to come to himself.

"Dick!" he muttered. "Did they get him?" He ceased and then seemed to collect his wits. "Did Williams get away? After him! Catch him! He'll sink the timber."

"That's what he'll do!" exclaimed Dick. "You'll have to go after him, Ken. One of us must stay; Uncle Norman can't move. I'll follow you up if I can. Quick now!"

Kenneth snatched up his shotgun and reloaded it; then he dashed down to the river side. The two canoes were still there, and, springing into one, he paddled up the river at his utmost speed.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

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Seizing that moment of inattention, Dick leaped forward—just too late! The rifle seemed to explode in his very face. His hat flew off, and he staggered several steps backward and fell.

With a shout of horror Kenneth and Uncle Norman sprang up. Williams, backing off, made as if to fire again and then swung the barrel of his gun viciously. It caught the prospector on the skull. Uncle Norman dropped in a heap, and Williams wheeled and bolted, crashing through the cedars.

Kenneth hesitated for a second and then, snatching up his shotgun, tore in pursuit. Williams was out of sight, but the sound of smashing undergrowth reached the boy plainly. Then it ceased, and a moment later Kenneth came out on the edge of the river to see the fellow several rods up the stream, bending over the canoe paddle. He glanced savagely over his shoulder at Kenneth's yell and redoubled his speed. Kenneth fired, but the light shot spattered harmlessly on the water, and already the canoe was melting into the low-lying mist.

Kenneth stared breathlessly after it, then turned and dashed back to the camp. To his intense relief Dick had risen, though he looked dazed and rather foolish. Crawford was bending over Uncle Norman.

"Missed me clean," Dick explained. "It seemed to go off right in my face and half stunned me, and I tripped and fell. Did he shoot Uncle Norman?"

The veteran prospector had had a hard knock and still was unconscious. Blood was oozing through his hair. They brought up a dipper of water and soaked his head and face, but he failed to revive.

"Only a knockout, I think," said Crawford.

It was ten or fifteen minutes before Uncle Norman began to come to himself.

"Dick!" he muttered. "Did they get him?" He ceased and then seemed to collect his wits. "Did Williams get away? After him! Catch him! He'll sink the timber."

"That's what he'll do!" exclaimed Dick. "You'll have to go after him, Ken. One of us must stay; Uncle Norman can't move. I'll follow you up if I can. Quick now!"

Kenneth snatched up his shotgun and reloaded it; then he dashed down to the river side. The two canoes were still there, and, springing into one, he paddled up the river at his utmost speed.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

which Uncle Norman borrowed. "You don't have to fight, Crawford," he observed. "All you have to do is to buy the timber when we've got it."

Crawford grinned. He was not a fighting man.

From the camp there was a good view of the clouded surface of the water for some rods, so that the raft could not possibly slip by unawares, and they delayed a little, lingering over the breakfast. Dick was talking enthusiastically of the prospects for peat coke when there was a sharp crackling in the cedar thickets to the right, and before any of them could move Williams stepped into the little opening. He carried his rifle, and behind him came the two others, armed with axes. Probably he had not had the slightest suspicion whose camp it was. He stopped short, staring, and for several seconds no one spoke or moved.

"Is that you, Williams?" said Harwood placidly at last.

"How much are you going to charge me for getting out of that timber, and where have you left it?"

The blank amazement on Williams's face changed to dark fury. Kenneth expected a hot altercation, but Williams must have realized that mere words were useless. He threw up his rifle like a flash. "Sit still all of you!" he commanded. "The first man that stirs'll get it. Jump 'em, you fellows! Rush 'em! They durstn't shoot while I've got 'em covered."

But his men hung back. "We ain't hired to do no fightin'," muttered the false Lougheed.

"We better get out of this, Williams," said the other.

"Come on, you cowards!" cried Williams. "We'll split the thing even. It'll be a thousand apiece. You ain't scared? Rush 'em!"

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S. P. Gilbert, Jr., who is to be Agent-General of Reparations under the Dawes plan

FACT AND COMMENT

HELP TO MAKE LAWS that are sensible; then it will be easy to obey them.

Experiment with many things until Through Learning what Won't work you find what Will.

RUNNING EXPENSES that tend to get ahead of you should be slowed down to a walk.

A CRICKET ON THE HEARTH is a pleasant thought, but an entomologist says that a cricket that gets into the house will eat holes in clothing and lace curtains. It is hard to believe that the "cricket on the hearth," the emblem of cheerfulness and homely comfort, would do a thing like that, but the entomologists probably know more about it than the writers.

A JUNIPER TREE believed to be not less than three thousand years old is still standing in the Cache National Forest in Utah. The diameter of it at breast height is seven feet six inches, and it is forty-two feet tall. Experts who have examined the heartwood have found that the first two inches of growth took two hundred years. Later the tree grew at the rate of two inches in sixty years.

A MUNCHAUSEN STORY of fish that climb trees caused old Captain Longchall, as a London daily calls him, to retort with this: He was shooting elephants in Africa when one of the herd, slightly wounded, dived into a lake. The captain pursued him with a landing net, but before he could reach him the elephant tore up a palm tree and, using it as a vaulting pole, disappeared in a succession of high jumps.

ICE CREAM was recently served in Labrador on board an American destroyer. The captain, hearing that there was an iceberg in the vicinity, had a sudden hankering for something cold. He visited the berg and returned with a quantity of cracked ice. Presently the freezer was turning merrily, and there was ice cream on the bill of fare. If the captain should visit the jungles of Africa, would he hanker for hot lemonade?

IN CHOOSING A DRESS the average girl of today thinks of only one thing—style. Some one asked a designer of women's clothing why the choice in garments for larger women is so much narrower than for women of youthful figure. She replied: "We can't afford to make them. You see, the larger women are usually the older ones, and they want better material. We can sell the young ones anything if only it is stylish."

CASTLES IN GERMANY, the homes of dukes and princes before the revolution but now in the hands of the government, are so numerous that officials are puzzled how to dispose of them. Few persons want to buy a castle, especially one that is situated in a remote part of the country. Some of the castles and palaces in Berlin and Potsdam have been converted into museums and public buildings. The rest are likely to remain vacant and for sale until they attract the attention of wealthy foreigners.

A FRENCH GARDEN-VILLAGE is planned exclusively for writers, painters, sculptors and musicians. It will occupy a beautiful wood on the outskirts of Paris and may somewhat relieve the housing problem.

The village contains a hundred houses and a number of studios, all of which rent for a low price. The government, which owns the wood, has contributed nearly four million francs toward the project and has stipulated that every resident must have at least three children and an income less than twenty thousand francs a year. The place is to be named for that great artist Sarah Bernhardt.

BEAUTY IN NEW YORK CITY, says an editorial article, can be found only when you relax and clear your mind. "Use your senses. Think yourself as open to impressions as if you were in Siam. Just stop, look and listen! Beauty will appear." In the soft dusk of evening Forty-Second Street against the sky line makes a picture of battlements and turrets. Through the Washington Arch you can see in imagination belles and beaux of bygone days issuing from the old red-brick mansions. Beauty does appear, just as beauty always appears in any city when you "relax and clear your mind."



AN AMERICAN MANAGER OF EUROPEAN FINANCES

THE immensely important task of administering the plan for settling the reparations question, on which the interested nations have at last agreed, is to be committed to an American, Mr. Seymour P. Gilbert, Jr. Mr. Gilbert is a very young man for so responsible a position, since he is only thirty-two years old and hardly more than twelve years ago was an undergraduate at Rutgers College. But he has accomplished a great deal of hard work in those twelve years and has discharged every duty that has been entrusted to him with so much ability that he has the entire confidence of the eminent men, both in public and in professional life, who have had an opportunity to observe his capacity. Mr. Gilbert is a lawyer, a member of one of the important legal firms in New York, and has given especial attention to financial matters. He has served in the Treasury Department as counsel to the War Loan Board and as Undersecretary of the Treasury. In politics he is a Republican, but he has never been a politician. His appointments at Washington were purely tributes to his professional qualifications.

Mr. Gilbert is young, but he is almost exactly of the same age as Alexander Hamilton was when he undertook the delicate and enormously difficult task of establishing our newly-made nation on a firm financial foundation. Youth, if it goes hand in hand with solid abilities, is no disqualification for so unusual and difficult a task as that which the Agent-General of Reparations faces.

Americans have a right to be proud that their representatives bore so prominent a part in devising the first really hopeful plan for restoring economic peace in Europe, and they will watch with deep interest the administration of that plan by their brilliant young fellow countryman. Mr. Gilbert carries with him across the sea our best wishes for his success, for that success will not only assure his own fame but will forge another link in the chain of kindly feeling that must eventually unite all the nations of the earth.



THE CLEARING SKY

SLOWLY but steadily a state of real peace is becoming established in Europe; slowly but steadily the nations of the world are moving in the direction of disarmament and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration instead of by war. The Assembly of the League of Nations, encouraged thereto by the premiers of France and Great Britain, has laid the foundation for a world conference on disarmament that is to be held in some European city, probably Geneva, this winter. The United States, though not a member of the League, will be invited to participate. By that time Germany will very likely be a member of the League. There is good reason to hope that the conference will reach conclusions that will make war, though not impossible, at least far less threatening than it has ever before been.

The discussions at Geneva have shown once more the inevitable difference between the way in which France approaches the problem and the way in which Great Britain approaches it. Above all other things France wants security against aggression. It wants military force behind the decisions of any tribunal of arbitration. It wants the right to form pacts of mutual assistance with

nations that fear the same sort of aggression that France fears. In its present mood Great Britain will not make any such pacts and is not in favor of bringing anything but economic pressure upon nations that do not accept arbitration or abide by its decisions. Great Britain does not fear military aggression, but it is very uneasy about its trade.

The difference in point of view persists, whether Conservatives or Laborites govern Great Britain, whether Poincaré or Herriot is in power at Paris; but, whereas previous premiers on both sides have been too stubborn to yield the slightest point, Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot are personally agreeable to each other and so much in earnest in their pursuit of peace that they unite in advising a conference out of which they hope a workable compromise will come.

It will not do to be too sanguine. When next January comes one or both of the premiers may be out of office, for their hold on power is precarious. With different politicians in authority at London and Paris the participation of France and Great Britain in the conference might easily become perfunctory rather than sincere; and unless the weight of the two great countries is put squarely behind the conclusions of the conference Europe will not have gained anything by it. Nor have the Germans helped matters by ostentatiously proclaiming through their Chancellor that they repudiate the responsibility of their nation for the war and for the destruction it caused.

But when all is said Europe is sensibly nearer to peace and mutual understanding than it has been for many years. We must all hope that it will continue to advance along the road it has taken, and that our own government will stand ready to give every support and encouragement to the influences that are working to so desirable an end.



SAILING

IT is a fundamental instinct of humanity to delight in getting something for nothing, and there are few ways in which nature satisfies that desire more agreeably than in propelling all sorts of vessels by wind power. In the old days there was hardly any more effective agency in the advancement of civilization than the interchange of products by sea, and the splendid energy of the air made that advancement possible, though with a good deal of risk and uncertainty. Then steam came, and the gain in speed and regularity and the economy in human effort much reduced the importance of wind power. Yet to the end of time men will more or less continue to drive their vessels by the force that costs nothing, even if it is somewhat impatient of guidance and control.

But the interest of sailing is far more than commercial. There is always the charm and the beauty and the grace of it. A monstrous iron transport ship or war ship may give the sense of power, yet at best it is heavy and clumsy to look upon. But the old frigate, with its soaring cloud of white canvas, still more the swift clipper ship, made to get every bit of speed that the winds would yield, had an aerial and dreamlike fascination that no mechanical vessel will ever equal.

And then there is the poetry of sailing in itself. Even the old long voyages, though at times no doubt monotonous and at times terrible, had their imaginative beauty in the wide, endless, quiet passage over the ocean depths. But pleasure sailing, on sweet summer afternoons, has a magical attraction that no tearing rush of a gas-driven automobile can approach. There is the peace of it—no sound but the infinitely soft sweep of the wind along the sail and the light splash and fall of the broken wave. There is the motion of it. Now the boat clings close to the wind, and there is the abrupt dance of the bow through the quivering, sparkling water. And again you come about and fall off and run before the wind, and the long, steady, silent sweep of the boat over the great waves is the most delightfully rhythmic movement in the world. No dancing can compare with it. Let persons who are madly bent on getting somewhere, anywhere, stick to steam; sailing is for those who still cherish the dream of an immaterial, inconsequential ecstasy.



DRAINING THE GREAT LAKES

IT is apparent that the level of the water in the Great Lakes is steadily falling. The decline is not yet alarming if expressed in figures. In Lake Superior it is hardly noticeable, and in Lakes Michigan, Huron and Erie the level is perhaps only a foot lower

than it was a few years ago; but it seems still to be falling. Out in the middle of the lakes the decline is a matter of no consequence, but alongside the docks at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago and in the channels that connect the various lakes it is a matter of great importance. A good many vessels that ply through the Great Lakes were built to draw twenty-one feet. The largest vessels could be loaded to draw even a foot or two more; but they are now permitted to load only to nineteen feet, which is six inches less than last year. There is not water enough in the shallowest places to permit anything more. If the water continues to fall, the boats will have to take smaller and smaller loads. Water transportation will become more costly, and an appreciable part of the economic value of the wonderful chain of lakes will be lost.

What is the matter? The people of Canada are inclined to attribute the change of level to the diversion of water through the drainage canal at Chicago, and they want the city to be forbidden to take water from Lake Michigan for that purpose.

It is probable enough that the canal has some influence of the sort; but it is not the only or the greatest source of trouble. Some authorities believe that the deforestation of the peninsulas of Michigan and the lake shore of Wisconsin has decreased the rainfall over those regions and the consequent run-off into the lakes. That is possible, though the cutting of forests cannot be shown to have a very marked influence on rainfall on land no higher than the Michigan peninsulas are.

But the cutting of a deep-water channel from Lake Huron into the St. Clair River and from Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie has definitely increased the outflow of water. There used to be twelve feet over the bars at the entrance to the St. Clair River. Now there is a channel a third of a mile wide that was intended to be twenty-two feet deep. The water from the northern basins is pouring out a great deal faster than it used to pour. Taken with the diversion of water at Chicago, that is quite enough to account for the changes.

The situation is not beyond relief. When the government widened and deepened the channel of the St. Mary's River between Lakes Superior and Huron it also built "compensating works"—dams intended to stop the flow of water except through the channel itself. As a result, Lake Superior keeps its level. No more water goes out than formerly went. It only flows through a narrower and deeper channel.

Works of the same sort could be built at the foot of Lake Huron to prevent the escape of water that now flows through the St. Clair River outside the ship channel. It would be a costly undertaking, but the time may come when it will be a work of necessity if the enormous freight traffic of the lakes is to be kept in vessels of the present size.



THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL

IN this age of scientific research and materialistic philosophy it is common for learned men to seek for and to proclaim a physical basis for many of the phenomena of human life that used to be referred, as a matter of course, to the moral sphere; for example, crime. Crime has long been regarded as an effect of original sin, encouraged by the defective education and the immoral environment of the criminal. As a part of that view the reform of the criminal, either through the fear of punishment or through friendly and sympathetic treatment, was the aim of experts in penology. Some persons did actually respond to one or other of those methods of treatment, but there was always a larger number who did not. They were the "hardened," or "habitual" criminals, whom neither severity nor gentleness seemed able to reach.

It is the theory of two experts in criminology, Dr. Hickson and Judge Olson of Chicago, that these criminals are what they are as a result of a defective brain. They remind us that the brain consists of two separate parts, the upper brain, with which we think and plan, and the lower brain at the base of the skull, with which we feel. Both the conscience and the emotions are seated in the lower brain. You may have a perfect brain to think with, and yet have a lower brain so defective that you do not experience fear or pity or sympathy or any other emotion as a normal person should. On the other hand, you may have an intellect that is very inferior and still have a good lower brain, so that your ideas of

right and wrong and your response to emotional stimuli are excellently true. Or—and this is true of most of us, let us hope—you may have a brain that is serviceable and normal in both departments.

According to this interesting theory the hardened, or habitual, criminal can never be reformed, because he can never feel otherwise than dully or confusedly, and because he is mentally incompetent to respond to the ideas of right and wrong. That sort of defect, says Dr. Hickson, is inherited and manifests itself in childhood or early youth. It can be infallibly detected, he says, by tests that are similar in purpose to those already used to determine the mental maturity of men and women, though of course they are different in character. It follows that imprisonment or probationary treatment of such persons is useless. The defective human beings should be segregated permanently on farms,—the men and women separated of course,—where, humanely treated, they can live and work usefully and do no harm to society. If that course were carried out systematically, Dr. Hickson believes, the criminal strain in the race could be virtually wiped out in two generations.

Needless to say, not every criminologist accepts the new theory, and many persons will be slow to believe that crime has a purely physical basis; but crime is clearly enough something abnormal, and the feeling grows among those who study the subject that habitual crime is often caused by some mental twist or defect than by any conscious and obstinate sinfulness. The hopeful message of the new theory is that, though most criminals cannot be permanently "reformed," crime itself can be controlled and diminished even to the point of annihilation if society sets itself to the task.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

THE COVER ON NEXT WEEK'S COMPANION

The publishers of *The Companion* take especial pleasure in offering their subscribers, as a part of the issue for October 9, a Historic Milestone Cover that represents Franklin at the Court of Louis XVI.

André Castaigne, one of the greatest of living illustrators, painted the picture expressly for *The Companion*, and into it he has put his wide knowledge both of French scenes and life and of American character. Franklin, the plain American in homespun, surrounded by the luxury that marked the court of the French king, is a figure not easily to be forgotten.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE result of the September election in Maine indicates that in the East at all events the Republicans have regained a good deal of the ground that they lost between 1920 and 1922. The majority for Mr. Brewster, the Republican candidate for governor, was larger than anyone had expected,—some thirty-six thousand in fact,—and Senator Fernald was reelected by more than fifty thousand. The Democrats made an unusually active campaign on the issue of the Ku-Klux Klan, for they asserted that Mr. Brewster had been nominated by the votes of the Klan. Except in a few communities, their campaign does not seem to have changed many votes. It is fair to Mr. Brewster to say that he has always denied any connection with or friendliness for the Klan organization.

NEWS from Morocco is uncertain and meagre, but what we do get shows that the Spanish troops are making no headway whatever against the Moorish tribesmen. They have abandoned all their interior garrisons, and at last accounts the important city of Tetuán was surrounded except on the side toward Ceuta, where the Spaniards still held the railway. Gen. Primo Rivera says he will fight the Moors to a finish, but there is reason to fear that the morale of the

Spanish troops is so much shaken that the campaign can end only in their absolute defeat. What result such a disaster would have at home in Spain we can only guess, but it is not impossible that it might endanger the throne itself. There is already a strong republican party in Spain, and, although King Alfonso is not personally unpopular, the repeated failures of the royal government in Morocco have considerably shaken the loyalty of the Spanish people.

WE have not yet reached the limit of speed in aerial navigation, yet it seems as if we had not much farther to go. Only the other day, Lieutenant Moffatt made a routine trip with mail from Boston to New York and return, a distance of 366 miles, in only a few minutes over two hours. The westward journey was actually made in two minutes less than an hour, and that although the flier was not making any effort to create a "record." A day or two later a little seaplane, navigated by Lieutenant Cuddihy, made the extraordinary speed of 197 miles an hour—which means 289 feet every second!

THE reports from China lead us to expect a great and perhaps final struggle between the two parties that for some years have contended for the supreme power. Chang Tso-lin, the military dictator of Manchuria, has begun to move his strong and well-equipped army southward against Peking. Chang is the real leader of the so-called Anhui party and is in direct alliance with General Lu, who occupies Shanghai and is trying to tear all southern China away from the control of the central government at Peking. Lu's opponent, Gen. Chi Shieh-yuan, is one of the leaders of the Chihli party, of which Gen. Wu Pei-fu is the chief. That party has been in power at Peking since Wu defeated Chang two years ago, and all its resources are behind General Chi in the fighting round Shanghai. The probability is that unless the Chihli army can put General Lu out of the way at once there will shortly be fighting on two fronts, Chang and Wu facing each other north of Peking and Chi and Lu battling between Nanking and Shanghai. In the general mêlée we are losing sight of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who for many years has been striving to establish a going republic in the Canton territory, and who was last reported as thinking of taking up communism, as preached by the Bolsheviks. Dr. Sun is disposed to act with the Anhui party rather than with the other, but if either party wins a decisive victory it is likely to put him and his Cantonese government out of the way. Most foreign residents in China are of the opinion that in character, ability and genuine patriotism the party of which Generals Wu and Chi are the leaders is superior to its opponent. Both are militaristic rather than democratic in their methods, but Wu is certainly a much higher type of man than his great rival, Chang.

BY means of a different kind of wire, made from a newly discovered alloy from copper, the cable companies are now able, they assert, to send messages from five to seven times as fast as over the old wires. The new wire is used in a cable that is being laid to connect New York with Italy and Germany, and if it proves to fulfill the expectations of its makers it will no doubt be used to replace the cables to England and France. The new cable, which will give this country its first direct telegraphic communication with Italy, goes by way of the Azores, where it will meet another line to Emden, in Germany.

CREAT BRITAIN and France are acting more nearly in accord today than at any time since the Treaty of Versailles was signed. That was proved at Geneva when the British delegates to the Assembly of the League of Nations added to their consent to an agreement in favor of compulsory arbitration among the nations of Europe the offer of the services of the British navy to coerce any state that should begin hostilities without arbitration or in defiance of an arbitral decision. The only condition was that Great Britain, so acting in obedience to the instructions of the League, should not be brought into court by any neutral nation that might be affected by the activities of the British navy. This arrangement would put behind the decrees of the international world court the force that the French have always insisted is necessary to secure the smaller nations against attack.



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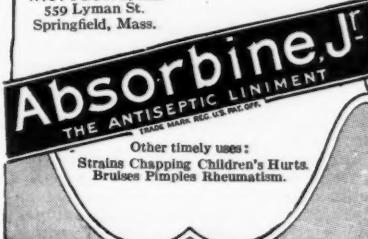
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PANSY LEARNS THE 9'S

By Josephine E. Toal

PANSY'S tears had washed the smiles from her little round face, and the corners of her mouth drooped until they pulled all the dimples out of her rosy cheeks. Pansy was learning the multiplication table, and she had come to the 9's. The 7's and 8's were bad enough. Pansy thought she never could learn them perfectly, but after saying them over and over and over again she now knew them well enough to get a G mark. She had said the 9's over and over and over too, but she declared they were still "all mixed up," and she knew that she could never, never learn them.

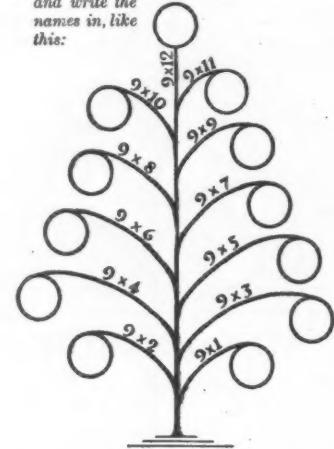
Grandpa's cheery voice, however, stopped the tears and brought the smiles and dimples back.

"Come here, Patty,"—grandpa always called her that,—"and let me show you an easy way to learn the 9's. It's fun!"

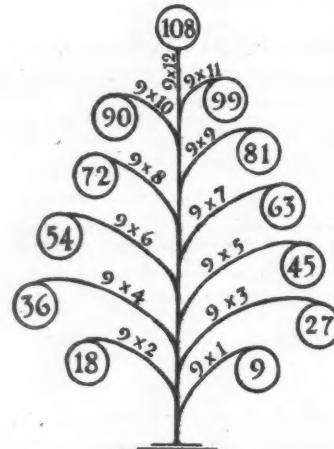
First grandpa drew a funny apple tree with twelve branches and an apple at the end of each branch, like this:



Then he told Pansy to name the branches and write the names in, like this:



That was easy. The next thing was naming the apples, and with grandpa's help that was easy too.



"Sell my nuts!" snapped Saucy Squirrel with a flirt of his tail. "Sell my nuts? Never!"

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



SUMMER'S WAY

By Elizabeth Thornton Turner

Summer gathered the gold that Now playtime is past, and she's the sun couldn't hold weary at last; And saved all the silvery showers; She has beckoned a boisterous Then, busy and sweet, she wove That will buffet each rose where a A carpet of grass and of butterfly goes flowers. And blow the birds out of the trees.

Next, silent and gray, she will travel away And leave us lamenting—but then, In the least little while, with a song and a smile, She'll be up to her mischief again!

DRAWN BY
KATHARINE
MALLETT

"Oh, I feel so dizzy!" said Teeny over and over again

nuts, out you go!" said Silas Q. Gnome sternly. "I won't have any families living in Green Meadows who refuse to do a kindness."

"I'd like to know who would dare to turn me out!" said Saucy Red Squirrel, getting saucier than ever.

Silas Q. made a sign with his finger, and instantly High and Dizzy appeared and picked up the naughty little squirrel by his bushy tail.

"Where shall we put him?" they asked.

"Out!" said Silas Q. briefly.

"Can't I come back?" piped up Saucy. "It's my home, you know. I found it, and I stored it with nuts all by myself." It was hard for him to speak, hanging upside down.

"You can't come back until you're a much changed person," said Silas Q., and that settled it.

Silas Q. Gnome took possession of the house and made a store of it. He tacked up a sign that read:

NUTS FOR SALE
GET YOUR WINTER SUPPLY NOW

He also put up a rope ladder for the Chipmunk family to climb.

Then he called High and Dizzy. "Go and tell the Chipmunk people to come up here and buy all the nuts they want," he said. "Tell them the price is a mere song—any song will do."

So the two elves told the Chipmunks, who of course were much pleased at the chance to get their winter supply of food for a song. Laden with baskets, they scurried down to Saucy's former home, and, though some of them were a little afraid of climbing the ladder, they went up bravely.

Mrs. Chatty Chipmunk managed to get to the top with her son Teeny perched on her back. He had begged so hard to be allowed to come that she had let him.

"I can carry at least one nut," he had told her. "And I'll sing the song to pay for them. I know lots of nice little songs, and some I make up myself."

When Teeny got to the top of the tree he felt suddenly dizzy and nearly toppled off. Mrs. Chatty Chipmunk had to seize him quickly, and the rest

of the time he clung tight to her arm.

"Oh, I feel so dizzy!" he kept saying over and over again. He was so frightened at first that he couldn't think of any song to sing, though he had spent ever so much time learning many songs in school; but when he looked down and saw how very, very far he was from the ground, he forgot them all. He forgot everything except that he was high up in the air, and that being so high up made him feel dizzy. He was miserable.

The elves enjoyed teasing Teeny Chipmunk. One of them tickled his ear with a straw, which made him laugh, and when he laughed he forgot how frightened he was.

"Now, what kind of song have you for me?" asked Silas Q. Gnome when he had filled Mrs. Chatty Chipmunk's



BUTTERCUPS

By Verna Grisier McCully

*It may be true that fairy folk
Like butterscotch and butter cake,
And so they grow gold buttercups
To measure butter when they bake.*

DRAWN BY
VERNA
GRISIER
MCCULLY

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THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

basket. She looked at her son, who looked blank for a moment. Then he began:

"Oh, I am so high and dizzy!
Wish I had my sister Lizzie!"

But he couldn't get any farther, for the two elves, High and Dizzy, were squealing with laughter. Teeny couldn't understand the joke because he didn't know their names were High and Dizzy.

Mrs. Chatty Chipmunk made several trips for nuts, and soon her burrow was stored for the winter.

As for Saucy Red Squirrel, it is to be hoped that he learned to be kind-hearted and helpful, like Silas Q.



THE SURPRISE

By Carrie O'Neal

WHEN Margaret Ann's little cousin, Mabel Beckley, went to the seashore to spend the summer Mrs. Beckley invited Margaret Ann to go too, but Margaret Ann's mother thought that she could not spare her little girl for so long a time.

Margaret Ann was much disappointed, but she blinked back the tears and kissed Mabel good-by and waved her hand gayly as long as she could see the train.

At first she was lonesome, but before long she began to have a pleasant summer. Her Uncle Richard, who had come on from California, was still with them in August when Margaret Ann's birthday arrived. He had to go to town that day; so she brought him a pail of water to fill up the boiler of his little roadster, ran upstairs to get a handkerchief that he had forgotten and then raced back to the house after some letters that he wanted to mail. Usually he took her with him when he went to town, but this morning he said nothing to her about going, and she smothered a sigh of disappointment as she went back to the house and upstairs to her room. She had to give Rosa Lee, the big wax doll, her music lesson.

"Come, Rosa Lee," she said, "it is time for your music lesson. I am anxious to get it over with because I have a surprise arranged for the family."

So Rosa Lee hurried off to the piano to practice.

"Don't forget that you must make your lips round when you sing, and sing very softly," said the music teacher. "See! Now, listen to me: Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. Now, you try it."

Rosa herself tried it in a voice that sounded much like Margaret's own.

"That was excellent. Now, let me see if you can run the scales on the piano."

So Rosa Lee sat down and ran the scales. "Doesn't she do that well?" said Puss-in-Boots in a doll whisper to Katinka.

"Yes, indeed! I wish that I could do half as well. Just listen to her now!"

Rosa Lee played a wonderful doll piece on the piano, which looked very much like an ordinary chair.

"Now I am going to wash and dress you for the afternoon," said Margaret Ann to all the dolls when Rosa Lee's music lesson had been finished. "You must be careful of your clothes because I want you all to look neat and clean. I am going to take you to a concert down in Orchard Hall."

"What fun!" said all the dolls. They had never been to a concert, but they were sure that it would be something pleasant.

They sat still while they were washed. They did not complain when Margaret Ann combed the tangles out of their hair, and each one wriggled into her good clothes in the best of humor.

Then Margaret Ann had to go downstairs to eat her luncheon. When she came back she brought a bag of lemon wafers so that the dolls should not be hungry, and after they had nibbled a bit of cake Margaret Ann and the doll family set forth. She had to make two trips in order to get them all, but she did not mind that. It was a birthday party, and everyone should be happy on birthdays.

The concert room was under the wide branches of an old apple tree. The stage was carpeted with beautiful green grass. Two Japanese lanterns furnished the light, even if it did look just like sunshine. The piano grew right out of the tree, and the stage curtains were made of big burdock leaves pinned together with locust thorns. There was a circle of stone chairs upholstered in thick green moss and velvet grape leaves.

All of the dolls were there except Rosa Lee. She had excused herself and gone away almost as soon as the dolls had arrived.

"Dear me!" whispered Ping Pong to Cordelia Rag, who sat next to him. "Where do you suppose Rosa Lee can be? I hope she does not miss any of this concert. She is so fond of music and plays and sings so beautifully herself."

"It would be dreadful," replied Cordelia Rag. "Of course we could tell her about it, but that wouldn't be half so nice as hearing it herself."

"No, indeed it wouldn't. I never knew her to be late before to anything," said Ping Pong.

"Nor I," said Cordelia. "Sh! There is Margaret Ann, and she is going to say something."

"The first number on our programme this afternoon is a solo by Mr. Bluebird," announced Margaret Ann. "You must be very quiet or you will frighten him away. He is shy."

So all the dolls sat as still as mice, and Mr. Bluebird whistled a lovely song all about how happy he was in the warm summer sunshine. When it was ended and he had bowed himself out of the big apple tree the dolls clapped their hands softly to show their appreciation.

"The next number will be a lullaby by Miss Tabby Cattikin," said Margaret Ann. Then Miss Tabby Cattikin came out upon the stage. She was inclined to play and turn somersaults at first. Cordelia Rag was so much amused that she had to stuff her doll handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. She did not want to do that, for it would be impolite. But Margaret Ann talked to Miss Tabby for a while, and finally Miss Tabby sat down and purred the sweetest little lullaby that any of them had ever listened to.

"And now comes the surprise," said Margaret Ann. "I hope you will all like this song because Rosa Lee made it up herself just to please you. Now listen." Then while Margaret Ann waved her baton to keep time Rosa Lee with her lips very round sang this song:

"I love sun,
And I love showers;
I love birds,
And I love flowers;
I love bees,
They gather honey;
I love frogs,
They sing so funny."

After the song Rosa Lee bowed and curtsied to the audience, and each of the dolls threw a bouquet of wild asters and black-eyed Susans to Rosa Lee. Then, as it was growing late in the afternoon, the dolls and Margaret Ann went home.

"Wasn't that the loveliest surprise you ever had in all of your life?" said Ping Pong to Cordelia Rag.

"Indeed it was," she agreed.

"Rosa Lee will surely become famous some day," said Ping Pong, who had lived in New York, and who was a better judge of such things than any of the others.

"Do you think she will leave us then?" asked Cordelia Rag anxiously.

"I am afraid she will," answered Ping Pong. "All great singers travel. Look at Miss Cattikin. She goes everywhere, and so does Mr. Bluebird. I have heard that he goes south every year for the winter concert season."

"Let us ask Rosa Lee herself," suggested Cordelia Rag. "Rosa Lee, are you going to leave us and sing to the world?"

"Oh, no," replied Rosa Lee. "I shouldn't think of such a thing. I intend to stay here and sing to you all my life if you want me."

"Want you!" they all echoed. "Of course we want you."

"Or, if I should go away, I would take you all with me," said Rosa Lee.

By that time they had reached the house. Margaret Ann's mother was waiting on the front porch.

"Put your dolls away, Margaret Ann," she said with a smile, "and come down into the parlor."

Margaret Ann hurried to her room, placed the dolls carefully on the floor where they so often sat and then went skipping down the stairs. Her mother drew her into the room, and there stood a beautiful upright piano.

"This is your birthday, Margaret Ann, and that is your birthday present," said her mother.

Margaret Ann looked from her mother to her father and then to her uncle.

"A real piano," she whispered.

"Yes, from Uncle Richard," said her mother.

"Oh! Oh!" said Margaret Ann and hugged them all.

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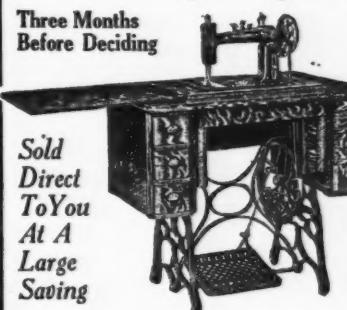
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IN PRAISE OF CANDLES

By Nancy Byrd Turner



"Dark, these times, is blinding bright,
Old godmother nodding says,
"But earth grew wise by candlelight."

Candle, candle burning clear
On the nursery window sill,
Not a goblin dared come near.

Candles on a frosty cake
Gleaming, gleaming, tipped with gold,
Seven for one little sake.

Candles glancing up the stair,
Flicker, flicker every flight;
Haloes on the children's hair.

Candle shining starry bright
Through the casement on the dusk—
"Hearts came home by candlelight."

Candle flame on every floor
Blessing lintel, hall and hearth
When the bride came in the door.

Candles mellowing ancient pages
Slowly turned, old song and story
Of the half-forgotten ages.

Candles comforting the gloom
When the last dim shadow fell,
Kind as angels in the room.

"Ay," godmother nods, "the night
Flashes like a jewel now—
But life was sweet by candlelight."

THE COMPENSATING VISION

THE minister's car had stopped at the big country place a few miles out of the city. As the maid opened the door a pleasant voice called, "Come right in, Dr. Forsythe. I've been hoping that you would get out to see me before winter set in."

He found the owner of the voice reclining in her big chair by the window with an open letter in her hand. She turned to smile at him as he advanced.

"I've thought of you often since the cool weather set in," he began. "I meant to call sooner, but our special meetings and one thing or another detained me. I was afraid you would find it rather cheerless when you had to go indoors. I know how you loved the big, sunny porch."

"Well, do you know, Dr. Forsythe, I am beginning to think it a good thing to be an invalid; it gives us such a good chance to find compensations all about us. I did dread the thought of the fall and winter. I knew how much I should miss the flowers and the leaves. But," she added brightly, "now that the foliage is gone I find that I can see a great deal farther and live in a much larger world than I could before."

"No; don't stop me, doctor," she added hurriedly as she saw him about to speak. "I—I—must finish. I know what a poor kind of Christian you must have thought me to be right after my accident—so bitter and complaining. My life had always been so full, and I was always so busy. There were so many things to do and so many pleasures to keep me occupied. Everything I loved was right at my elbow—friends, money, health—"her voice faltered a little—"my life was full—too full, I think."

"But now that the doctor says I may never walk again I'm beginning to live in a much larger world. Before it was like looking out of this window in summer—all flowers and trees. They filled my view so completely I couldn't see very far. Now I'm seeing more than I ever saw before in my life. I am finding a lot of folks to help and pray for that once on a time were so far beyond my horizon I didn't even know they existed. I've just received a letter from one of them this morning"—she smiled as she touched the envelope on the table beside her—"and it's brightened the whole day for me. No; I don't mind it a bit that the leaves are gone. Every season has its compensations."

"It has," returned the minister heartily, "for those who look to God and honestly try to do his will."

JANE CARMODY'S LEGACY

CAN I be of any further service, Miss Carmody?"

"No I thank you, Mr. Giles. I suppose that I shall just have to go through things—"

Both question and answer had been courteous, but both veiled a slight hostility. The small gray lawyer was thinking to himself, "It's the only foolish thing I ever knew Jane

Carmody to do—to leave everything to a butterfly." And on her part Miss Carmody was saying to herself, "You needn't look at me like that. I'm sure I didn't want Cousin Jane to leave anything to me!"

But, regardless of wishes and possibly of advice, Jane Carmody had left her tiny cottage and few hundreds of dollars "to my beloved niece Mary Carmody—to invest as she thinks best." And the "beloved niece," who had not seen her cousin for years, was wondering as she had wondered again and again since she had received Mr. Giles's letter what possessed Cousin Jane to do it. She didn't need the things—they were not worth the trouble to her. It all came, Mary Carmody supposed, of living a narrow country life all one's days. Mary Carmody hated the thought of narrow country lives.

But the work had to be done. Mary Carmody turned first to the old secretary in the sitting room. To her astonishment the drawers were full of letters all neatly tied and labelled. She had no idea that Cousin Jane was so much of a letter writer. Some foreign stamps caught her eye, and she turned to that package first. Of course—she had been stupid not to think; Cousin Jane was exactly the kind to give to missions. She began skimming the letters. By the third she was reading steadily. Mary Carmody never before had realized that missionaries are like other people—gay and humorous and full of human likes and dislikes. Presently she came upon half a dozen letters signed by a name that startled her. It was the name of a missionary, it is true, but a missionary who had been honored by geographical societies all over the world. And here he was writing to Jane Carmody long, affectionate, almost boyish letters!

There were other letters waiting—several hundred of them. And among them Mary Carmody found a second name that she knew—that of a big business man. Cousin Jane, it seemed, had helped him through school. All his letters were full of affectionate scoldings because Cousin Jane would accept nothing except the exact sum she had lent him. And there were others—many others—to whom the little cottage had given treasures not purchasable with money—love, faith, rest, courage.

It was almost dusk when Mary Carmody finished the last letter. Her lawyer had not understood Jane Carmody's legacy, but in that hour of revelation Mary Carmody saw at last.

THE HUNGRY FED

WHILE we were traveling along the old Bozeman trail one hot afternoon, writes Mr. J. H. Cook in *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier*, a bunch of buffalo came straggling into sight from behind a rugged butte directly in front of us. I happened at that moment to be riding one of the best and fastest horses I ever owned. For some unaccountable reason—for I had made it a rule never to kill game when I could not make use of it—I let my good horse, Bunt, have his head, and away he headed for the game. In a few seconds I was within range; and I had shot down six of the buffaloes before my blood had cooled. We had no use whatever for the buffalo meat or for the hides; we had plenty of good fat antelope meat on our pack horses, and buffalo hides were valueless to us on that scouting trip. When I returned to my friends I remarked that I had certainly just behaved like a fool, and I think they agreed with me.

We again started along the trail and had gone only a couple of miles when we met a train consisting of about fifteen emigrant wagons.

As we approached the leading wagon the entire train came to a halt. Several men climbed down from the wagons to talk to us. One old man with long, silver-white hair and beard, appeared to be the leader of the party. He asked us the usual questions and told us where their party was from and whither bound. He also said that the party was suffering for lack of water and was in great want of meat; for they had seen little game since leaving the Platte River.

I told them that, if they would follow me, I would lead them to a good camping spot where they would find plenty of water as well as the best of grazing. I also said that I had just shot down some buffaloes a short distance back and that, if after making camp they would unload one of their wagons and accompany me, I would fill the wagon with meat enough to last them to their journey's end.

We could easily see that the emigrants were rather suspicious of us, for we were certainly armed to the teeth and considerably travel-stained. The men drew aside and held a council. They finally decided that, as they greatly outnumbered us and were themselves well armed, they would take a chance. So we led them to a fine spring of water—a place I well knew; they unloaded one of the wagons and half a dozen men started with me for the spot where I had killed the buffaloes.

The men were astonished and delighted when I took them to the scene of the buffalo slaughter. The bodies were still warm, and the men could see for themselves that I had told them the truth. Their wagon was loaded so full of meat that the driver had to walk, and we started back for the camp.

The smaller children were put to bed with full stomachs rather early that night. Before the older members of the party turned in the venerable leader called us together to say that he considered their meeting with us as a direct act of Divine Providence, and that it must have been an act of God that had caused me to kill the buffaloes that had so bountifully supplied them with food. Perhaps it was. Who knows?

THE BOOK HE NEVER READ

LADY CURRIE, well known to English letters under her pen name of Violet Fane, told Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, one of her American friends, an amusing incident of her life in Constantinople when her husband, Lord Currie, was ambassador to the Sublime Porte. She was a rapid and omnivorous reader, and Lord Currie often trusted her to read and report on books with which otherwise he would have had to make personal acquaintance. Much precious time was thus saved for a busy diplomat, and the task was entirely congenial to his competent unofficial reader. One day he handed her a new biography of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, just published in England. A short time afterwards he asked her whether it was interesting.

"Yes," she answered, "but—" and just then some visitors of distinction were announced and she did not finish the sentence. That evening husband and wife dined with the Sultan. Conversation was more formal than entertaining and indeed flagged to a depressing degree. Lord Currie had a happy inspiration.

"Sire," he said, "an interesting book has just appeared about yourself!"

Lady Currie made a frantic effort to reach his foot under the table, but without success.

"Ah!" said the Sultan, "I should like to see that book!"

"You shall have my copy," the polite ambassador hastened to assure him. At their departure from the palace the Sultan's words

ments; boatin' 'em across the pond mostly, but this day his bateau leaked so bad he was goin' to make 'em into a pack and carry 'em on his back 'round the pond,—four miles or better,—and the pack was so big and heavy he left his gun behind.

"I ain't goin' to try to tell you all he had to make up the pack, but he said there was jest short of sixty pounds in it; there was a fresh ham for one thing, that weighed twenty pounds or so, in the bottom of the knapsack, and on top of that was his other fixin's—a bottle of m'lasses, and a bag of sugar and 'nother one of salt, and one of red pepper—all the things a man'd want to do the simple sort of cookin' he'd do in a woods camp, you know."

"He'd got pretty well through the flat country comin' to the pond and was walkin' over some moss—and with his moccasins on he was movin' quiet as a shad—when he rounded a big root that was turned out of the ground and walked right spang onto a bear and a cub, nosin' round in a rotten log after ants prob'ly.

"The cub sighted him first and made a sort of a whimper, and when he did that the old bear turned and saw him, too. Mason didn't have any too much time, but he managed to slip his arms out of the pack straps and jump for a little birch tree—and not a second too soon neither!"

"Of course the tree was too small for a bear to hug and climb, but yet there he was, treed till she saw fit to go away and leave him to go his ways; so he sat about tryin' to hurry her. He had a big jackknife, and he managed to hack off a long limb and lash the knife to the end of it, figgerin' that mebbe he c'd jab her with that and bleed her 'nough to either drive her away or weaken her; but the fust jab he made, she fetched the stick a lick that sent it fifty foot away and made his arm sing clear, to the shoulder. And all he'd made out to do was to lose his knife and get the bear so mad she tried to charge up the tree.

"She quit that after a spell and went to nosin' round and gruntin' to herself, and 'twasn't but a minute 'fore she come to his

VERY INDELICATE!



"Hello, George! Funny thing, I was just thinking of you!"

BEARS AND SEWING CIRCLES

DEACON HYNE had been telling Caleb Peaslee of his fortitude at a meeting of the sewing circle, held at the deacon's home.

"I've been there three mortal hours, Kellup," he asserted, "or well long to 'tds three anyway; and I was the only man there, and they've talked stiddy."

"How'd you happen to be there in the fust place?" asked Caleb.

"It was my wife's doin's," replied Mr. Hyne. "The hired girl's gone, and my wife wanted I sh'd stand by, so to speak, and sort of fetch and carry for 'em if they needed me; but when I'd been settin' there three hours more or less and they hadn't needed anything I sort of watched my chance and sliced out and struck over here." He paused to pass his handkerchief over a heated brow. "I bet a man never was any gladder to be well out of a mess than I was when I got out of that!" he asserted fervently.

Mr. Peaslee considered this thoughtfully. "Wal, mebbe so," he said at last; "I heard a man use them very same words once, when it seemed to me he had full's much reason to be glad's you have. The man's name was Embury Mason, and he was a great hand for huntin' and trappin'; you'd hardly ever find him 'thout a gun over his shoulder.

"Them days," said Caleb, "there was plenty of bears hereabouts—too many, folks thought that had sheep or hogs that they let run out into the woods for beechnuts or acorns. Most of the time, as you know, a bear's ready to make a child's trade with a man—you let him alone and the bear'll let you alone; but an old she-bear with cubs is different.

"That was the kind of a bear Mason run afoul of goin' over to Grindstone Pond one time. He was gettin' out hemlock over there and fetchin' his p'visions in from the settle-

pack and smell that fresh ham; and 'cordin' to Mason she went after it like a maniac! The fust wipe she made tore the flap open, and she rammed her head and one paw in, clawin' to fetch the meat out where she c'd get at it. Mason said she made one mad sort of a grunt and started another when all at once he sensed that somethin' was the matter. It was the red pepper.

"He said he wouldn't have b'lieved any critter c'd back so fast in a circle, blindfolded, as that bear did, and all the time tearin' at the knapsack to get it off'n her head—and all the time the awfulest noises comin' out of the sack; like a man sneezin', he said, only fifty times louder and madder! And b'tween sneezes she was groanin' and retchin' f'r breath—and that only sucked more of the red pepper into her nose and lungs.

"Fin'ly she ris up on her hind legs and gave one last snatch at the knapsack, and that time she fetched clear of it and at the same time brought out a sneeze that Mason said almost blew him out of the tree; and then, without lookin' fr'r cub, or fr'r Mason, or the ham, or anything else in the world, she lit out of that clearin', makin' twenty foot to the jump and makin' 'em often!

"And Mason, knowin' she'd never come back, slid down the tree and gathered up his stuff, what he c'd find, and made for the camp. And when he come to tell me of it he made use of the same words you did—that no man was ever gladder to be out of a mess than he was!"

The deacon wiped his brow again. "I don't care," he maintained stubbornly. "He wa'n't any gladder than I was!"

FISHING LESSONS AND FASCINATION

MANY curious and entertaining things have been written about the habits of the little grebe. The English naturalist, the late W. H. Hudson, referred to the grebe in his book, *Hampshire Days*. What, wrote Mr. Hudson, amused me most in these birds, when I watched them in late September on the Itchen River was the skillful way in which the parent bird taught her grown-up young ones to fish.

At an early period the fishes given to the

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downy young are very small and are always well bruised in the beak before the young bird is allowed to take them. Afterwards when the young are more grown larger fishes are given, and the fishes are less and less bruised, although always killed. Finally the young has to be taught to catch for himself. At first he does not appear to have any aptitude for such a task or any desire to acquire it. He is tormented with hunger, and all he knows is that his parent can catch fish for him, and his only desire is that she shall go on catching them as fast as he can swallow them.

She catches a fish for him and gives it to him, but, oh, mockery! it was not really dead this time and instantly falls into the water and is lost! Not hopelessly lost, however, for down she goes like lightning and in ten seconds comes up with it again. He takes it and drops it a second time and looks stupid, and again she recovers it and gives it to him. How many hundreds of times I wonder must the lesson be repeated before the young grebe finds out how to keep and to kill?

Yet that is after all only the beginning of his education. The main thing is that he must be taught to dive after the fishes he lets fall, and he appears to have no inclination, no intuitive impulse, to do such a thing. A small dead fish must be given to him carelessly so that it shall fall, and he must be taught to pick up a fallen morsel from the surface; but from that first simple act to the swift plunge and long chase after and capture of uninjured fishes, what an immense distance there is! It is, however, probable that after the first reluctance of the young bird has been overcome and a habit of diving for escaped fishes acquired he will make exceedingly rapid progress.

But even when his education is complete and he is independent of his parents and as quick and sure as they at capturing fishes down in their own dim element, is it not still a puzzle and a mystery that such a thing can be done? And here I speak not only of the little grebe but of all birds that dive after fishes and pursue and capture them in fresh or salt water. We see how a kingfisher or a tern or a gannet or an osprey takes his prey by dropping upon it when it is swimming near the surface; he takes his fish by surprise as a sparrow hawk takes the bird he preys upon. But no specialization can make an air-breathing, feathered bird an equal of the fish under water. You can see at a glance in a clear stream that any fish can outdistance any bird, darting off with the least effort so swiftly as almost to elude the sight.

The explanation I believe is that the paralyzing effect on many small, persecuted creatures in the presence of, or when pursued by, their natural enemies is as common under water as above. I have distinctly seen it when watching fish-eating birds being fed in glass tanks at the Zoological Gardens. The appearance of the bird when he dives strikes instant terror into them; and it may then be seen that those which endeavor to escape are no longer in possession of their full powers; their efforts to fly from the enemy are like the efforts of a mouse and a vole when a weasel is on their track or of a frog when pursued by a snake; and others remain suspended in the water quite motionless until seized and swallowed.

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ELECTROENGINEERING IN THE FORTIES

WHEN the Whig convention of 1840 nominated Gen. W. H. Harrison for President and ex-Senator John Tyler for Vice President it neglected to formulate a platform. But a campaign issue soon appeared: a Baltimore newspaper of the opposition remarked that, if General Harrison were given a pension of two thousand dollars a year and a barrel of hard cider, he would be perfectly content to spend the rest of his life in a log cabin, studying moral philosophy.

The inevitable interpretation that the plain, poor people put on the remark determined the issue. What! sneer at the general because he was willing to live in a log cabin; because he was satisfied to partake of simple fare as symbolized by hard cider in contrast to Mr. Van Buren's more sumptuous mode of living; because he was a poor but honest citizen and not one of the "fawning minions of power"? Well, the country guessed not! As Mr. Meade Minnigerode recalls in the Fabulous Forties:

The uproar began in the West, but the contagion soon spread to the East. "Look here!" the Democrats cried. "The Whig candidate hasn't any platform; he doesn't know B from a bull's foot!"

"What do we care!" the Whigs replied. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too—

"The people are coming from plain and from mountain,

To join the brave band of the honest and free,

Which grows as the stream from the leaf-sheltered fountain,

Spreads broad and more broad till it reaches the sea.

No strength can restrain it, no force can retain it;

Whate'er may resist it breaks gallantly through,

And borne by its motion as a ship on the ocean

Speeds on in his glory

Old Tippecanoe!

The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,

The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe!"

"Very well, what are you going to do about the currency?" the Democrats kept roaring.

"What are you going to do about the National Bank? What are you going to do about the panic?"

"Do?" the Whigs retorted. "Parade—Tippecanoe and Tyler too—

"Oh, know ye the farmer of Tippecanoe? The gallant old farmer of Tippecanoe? With an arm that is strong and a heart that is true,

The man of the people is Tippecanoe."

"But, but—hey, come back here a minute—he isn't a farmer at all!" the breathless Democrats pointed out.

"Do tell!" the Whigs exclaimed and were off again with the left foot—

"Let Van from his coolers of silver drink wine And lounge on his cushioned settee; Our man on his buckeye bench can recline; Content with hard cider is he.

Then a shout for each freeman, a shout for each state,

To the plain, honest husbandman true. And this be our motto, the motto of Fate, Hurrah for old Tippecanoe!"

It was not a Presidential campaign; it was a contest between two modes of dress, two varieties of beverage, two styles of architecture. It was lost by an inch or two of type in a newspaper and won by miles of parades. It was a jubilee of popular prejudice on wheels set to the music of atrocious ballads. It was preposterous, and it was glorious sport. It was the forties.

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CAPTURING A VITAMINE

OF late we have heard a great deal about vitamines, those invisible and mysterious substances which certain foods contain, without which the body cannot be healthy and well nourished. Now, according to the New York Times, a Columbia University professor has managed to isolate in his laboratory at least one of the vitamines.

Dr. Eddy believes that isolation of vitamine D, or, as he prefers to call it, "bios," will make it possible to produce synthetic, or artificial, foods that shall have a very high nutritive value.

The "bios" that Dr. Eddy has found is a crystalline substance; at Bellevue Hospital Medical College he produced four specimens of the isolated vitamine in test tubes before the eyes of his audience. He announced at the same time that in four experiments seventy milligrams were produced from moist autolyzed yeast. Thus far only a partial analysis has been made. The known composition of the substance is forty-three per cent carbon, twenty-five per cent nitrogen and eight per cent hydrogen. Further experiments will be made at Columbia to determine the composition of the remaining twenty-four per cent.

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THE FIVE MISSING SNAKES

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ'S passion for collecting specimens for study or for the museum often caused him to make unusual uses of his own dwelling. As was common in his day there was only one bath tub in the house, and it was not infrequently occupied by turtles and other animals, aquatic or amphibious. In A Late Harvest Dr. Charles W. Eliot tells this amusing anecdote about the professor:

One morning Mrs. Agassiz was just finishing dressing and was putting on one of her boots when she became aware that there was something wriggling inside it. She called to her husband, who was still asleep in the adjoining room, "O Agassiz! Come here; there's a snake in my boot!"

"My dear," the professor replied sleepily, "where can the other five be?"

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THE INCONSIDERATE LOVER

THE young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a frank chat before he took his leave. He was leaning against the door post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

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A LIKELY STORY

WHILE three Irishmen were rowing on a river, writes a contributor, their boat upset. Only one of them could swim, and he promptly made for the nearest bank, leaving his companions clinging to the bottom of the capsized craft. Soon, however, the swimmer returned and one by one rescued his imperilled friends.

When they were all safe on the bank one of the men inquired of the rescuer, "Mullaney, why didn't ye take wan of us the first trip ye made to shore 'stead o' goin' empty-handed?"

"Sure, an' didn't I have to save me own life first?" demanded the acute Mullaney.

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Our Patented Extra-Full Drop Seat on all sizes gives ample fullness in crotch and *avoids binding in the back* if the child sleeps with knees drawn up.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade *unbleached* cotton and some fine wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. *The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.*

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but retain their original shape and elasticity.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Dentons are well made: *strong, elastic outside seams avoid hard threads next to body.* Collars double thickness, rubber buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.

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